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commonweal

A NEW ANGLICAN/R. C. AGREEMENT
PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

MORE ON 'WOMEN IN THE CHURCH'
GERALD F. WHITE
MARY O'CALLAGHAN
WAYNE BRASLER
ANNE C. GARRISON
MARY BETH LE FAVE
ANNE PETICOLAS
JAMES M. HAYES
MARY ROSE D'ANGELO

MORE ON 'A DUAL-SEX EUCHARIST'
HARVEY COX

ALSO:
EDWARD S. SKILLIN
FRANK GETLEIN
ROBERT F. DRINAN
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NEWS & VIEWS

The Shunning Game

There's no reverence due the cloth at West Point for the chaplain who dares question the military establishment's rules and regulations.

The treatment dealt one "impolitic" priest-chaplain was revealed in the Worcester, Mass., *Evening Gazette* by Arthur Lincoln, the defense lawyer whose Army career came to an end when he helped prepare the cases for cadets involved in last year's cheating scandal.

During the time of tension, the priest criticized West Point openly.

Thereafter, during Mass officers would walk down the chapel aisle at communion-time, take their place in front of the chaplain—and turn away without receiving.

Rerating the Rated

To mark its 75th anniversary, *The Times Literary Supplement* of London asked a number of writers, scholars and artists to nominate the most underrated and overrated books, or authors, of the past 75 years. Some of the more interesting entries:

ANTHONY BURGESS

The most overrated French writer is André Gide; German writer, Hermann Hesse; British writer, E.M. Forster. . . . The most underrated British writer continues to be Ford Madox Ford. The most underrated American is Conrad Aiken. In another 75 years (perhaps much less) Solzhenitsyn, Iris Murdock, Kurt Vonnegut and Saul Bellow will be seen to have been excessively esteemed.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Overrated: George Orwell.

Underrated: Ring Lardner, who wrote brilliantly on the United States and was ignored because he was a former sports writer. I would also like to mention O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* which was as good as Fitzgerald.

D.J. ENRIGHT

Underrated (or not rated at all): *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* by Franz Werfel.

Overrated (if still rated at all): *The Song of Bernadette* by Franz Werfel.

REBECCA WEST

Overrated: Tolstoy for his *Anna Karenina*, which appears to be sheer nonsense. Young girls in love for the first time in their lives do not go to their first ball in a state of lust which would have done credit to the heartier class of hussar. . . .

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

For what has been made of them rather than for what they were.

Overrated: Freud.

Underrated: Jung.

ERIC HOBSBAWM

Underrated: Anatole France, Jean Giraudoux, Italo Calvino.

Overrated: André Gide, Erza Pound; almost any contemporary United States novelist who gets into college syllabuses.

A.J.P. TAYLOR

Overrated: Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History*, which is neither History nor a study but a vast miscellany of information, much like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* though not so funny.

The most underrated book is the Authorized Version of the Bible, once the foundation of English prose, now never read in schools and rarely, I believe, in churches. If all knowledge of the AV is lost, much of classic English literature will be incomprehensible and English prose style is doomed.

BOB DYLAN

Overrated and underrated: the Bible.

DAVID HOCKNEY

Overrated: the Bible.

Beware Optimism

Elsewhere in this issue, Peter Hebblethwaite cautions against Canterbury caps and Roman birettas being cast too soon and ecstatically into the air over the Anglican-Roman Catholic draft proposal for reunion.

A similar caution comes from the prestigious British journal, *The Economist*.

The Economist speaks of "some" Catholics and Anglicans who "are uneasy at the thought of a new monolith based on diluted doctrine and worship."

Also, says *The Economist*, "it is a fair question whether a united church would be any more attractive to those outside it than the present separated churches." It remains to be seen therefore "whether, if the shepherds take the path towards a common fold, the sheep will follow."

Blaine, The Spectator, Hamilton, Canada

Quote of the Week

The New Republic's consoling thought in its editorial farewell to the era of Republican misrule:

"Berating Nixon is always a pleasure; having his memory to kick around will be a source of satisfaction to liberals for many years to come. In a time of shifting political judgments and uncertain moral values, Nixon's reputation is like a rock."

Odds and Ends

—Keeping up with old friends:

Msgr. Luigi Ligutti of the National Rural Life Conference: He's alive and well and living in Rome. He recently donated his papers—rich in U.S., Vatican and UN historical interest—to Marquette University. Msgr. Ligutti is 81.

Father Godfrey Diekmann of *Worship* magazine and St. John's University, Collegeville: He will be 69 come April 7, and was recently named to receive the Berekah Award, highest honor of the North American Academy of Liturgy. He's at Collegeville still. He's being honored for his work as "writer, scholar, teacher and advisor, and his editorial encouragement and dissemination of the achievement of others."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Sinking Ships

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Re Frank Getlein's analysis of Henry Kissinger's Attila-the-Hun-like role in world affairs ("The Graves of Academe"—Jan. 21) may this "non-adulator" of the former Secretary of State inquire what were the alleged heads of state doing in the meanwhile, including the on-the-road-to-being-deified (it's past canonization) the late John Fitzgerald Kennedy?

It has always been my generation's (40 and over) ingenuous belief that, just as the captain was last to abandon ship, so were our chief executives required to take the lion's share of responsibility for their administration's failures. They are not slow to take the credit for its triumphs—vide Nixon and the moon-landing!

Or does today's Martian visitor to earth demand—"Take me to your Secretary of State"? LORETTA LOMBARDO

Santa Barbara, Cal.

To the Editors: It was grand to see Mr. Getlein give the "conservatives" what-for [Washington Report, Dec. 17, 1976]. The "Reagan-Connally-Helms connection" deserved all they got—for their mania for ever more power to the Pentagon, their hatred of civil liberties, their complacency towards handouts for Big Business. (And, might I add, their hostility to the private property rights of those Americans who choose to smoke something other than tobacco?) Obviously these beauties see nothing wrong with the power of the state, just so long as it's used for *their* favorite causes, and as Getlein points out there is "no chance whatever" that they will ever create a party to challenge it.

However, may I point out to Mr. Getlein and his readers that there already *is* such a party? The Libertarian Party (1516 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005) ran Roger L. MacBride for President last year on a platform

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SUBURBAN IRON CURTAIN

Anyone who doubts that the power to appoint justices to the Supreme Court is one of the major powers of a president has only to look at the recent Arlington Heights decision. Thanks in large part to Mr. Nixon, the Court in that case ruled 6 to 3 that it is not unconstitutional for a suburb to refuse to ease zoning restrictions which in fact effectively prevent the construction of racially integrated housing for persons with low and moderate incomes. The Court held that such a refusal does not violate the Constitution just because it admittedly has a "racially disproportionate impact." When would such a policy be called unconstitutional? Only, said the majority opinion, when it could be shown that there was an "intent" or "purpose" to discriminate—only if it could be proved that the suburb in question refused a zoning change because it wanted to exclude members of a minority racial group. Even then, the Court said, the suburb would not be declared to be in the wrong if it had other reasons for its action as well as discriminatory ones.

No one doubts the right of a community to set reasonable standards, but this should not mean the right to totally exclude other Americans of low and moderate incomes. This newest decision of the Court gives legal approval to the maintenance of an iron curtain separating the American city and suburb, and as such it is a stunning reversal for all who hoped to see the suburbs bear some fair share of the nation's urban crisis. In the light of the Arlington Heights decision, suburbs are relieved of the need to share in any kind of affirmative action to help solve the housing crisis in the adjoining city—in which, it should be said, many of the suburb's residents make their comfortable living while paying little or no taxes for

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the privilege. In this case, for instance, the Chicago suburb involved would have had to accept an apartment development in which 40 percent of the units were to be occupied by blacks. Instead, it and other suburbs can now continue to restrict dwellings to one-family houses on very large plots—as long as it cannot be proved that the restrictions are racially motivated. And how often is there going to be any real chance of proving that?

Thus this decision appears to be the latest in a continuing series of ever more conservative rulings from the Court on racial matters. Such decisions raise serious questions about the future: Is the Court that in 1954 began to lead the nation out of the morass of segregation now going to slow that march or even halt it altogether? The Arlington Heights ruling follows a decision last year in the case of Washington v. Davis, in which the Court ruled that clear proof of racially discriminatory intent, and not just a racially discriminatory impact or effect, was needed to establish a case of unconstitutional racial discrimination in the schools. It was this case which was cited as precedent in the Arlington Heights decision. Significantly enough, Justice White, who wrote the majority opinion in the earlier Davis case, dissented in the Arlington Heights ruling, saying that the new decision enunciated "a legal standard nowhere mentioned in Davis"—an indication that the Court has now moved in an even more conservative direction.

What the Court seems intent on establishing in the Arlington Heights and similar cases, then, is a judicial rule, applying in all cases, that discrimination or segregation must not only be a fact if it is to be ruled out; it must also be intentional and able to be so proven. In reality, such a rule is bound to perpetuate racial discrimination, for normally speaking it will be impossible to prove any such intent in a court of law, however real and glaring the end result may be. In view of all this, it will be interesting now to hear from some of the most vocal enemies of school busing to achieve racial balance in the schools. We have never considered busing the ideal solution to racial imbalance; integrated neighborhoods that produce their own integrated schools are infinitely preferable, and busing is, or should be, a measure of last resort, as last year's Democratic platform pointed out. But if the suburbs are to stay lily-white and the cities increasingly black, how are neighborhoods to be integrated? And in that case, what chance other than busing is there to achieve integration in American schools?

The plain fact is that in the Arlington Heights case the Court has given us a bad decision, one that is likely to haunt the nation for years to come. Thanks to the Supreme Court, it is again obvious for all to see that this is, in Tom Wicker's quotation from the Kerner Commission report, "two societies, one black and one white —separate and unequal."

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1894-1977

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

It would hardly be possible to do justice in brief compass to the long and varied and distinguished career of George N. Shuster, who died January 25 at the age of 82. Or to give an adequate idea of what he accomplished for his fellow man and for the Catholic Church in America. I was lucky enough, however, to be with *Commonweal* for several of the ten years during which he was getting out the magazine as Managing Editor.

First of all I recall him as a patient and encouraging mentor. Throughout his life, from his early days in the English Department at the University of Notre Dame, George continually manifested a warm and human interest in developing potential talent. At *Commonweal* he had a special opportunity to encourage young writers, giving them their first chance at publication. And it happened in the spring of 1934 that he hit upon a challenging pedagogical device. Each week he would assign to Philip Burnham, the late Frederic Thompson and me paragraph topics for a strictly condensed "Seven Days Survey" of the news. Then he would publish our paragraphs in what he considered to be the order of their merit. It was personally very instructive.

Then I remember the prodigious amount of writing of his own, on the widest range of subjects, that he contributed to each issue of the magazine especially in the late twenties and early thirties. There would be pages of his editorials and several reviews of all sorts of books, unsigned, in issue after issue. Occasionally there would be a major article or review under his name or a review with his initials. To cover his tracks, George soon had to create two frequently recurring, mysterious "contributors": Paul Crowley, "a literary critic for American reviews" and Ambrose Farley, "a translator and teacher of classical poetry."

But George Shuster will probably be remembered more for the stands that he took than for his remarkable productiveness and versatility. He early called for a reexamination of traditional Catholic positions on sexual morality. As an early American antagonist of the Nazis, he conducted a vigorous campaign against American

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and Catholic participation in the 1936 Munich Olympics which he knew Hitler had planned as a Nazi showcase. He witnessed the *Anschluss* at first hand; for he saw the German troops march into Vienna to the pealing of the church bells of St. Stephen's Cathedral. It was then that his *Commonweal* article about the Nazi takeover expressed the hope that, whatever happened, forces of destruction would not emerge in America "to victory through the Catholic gate."

It was on the issue of the Spanish Civil War that George Shuster broke with Michael Williams's *Commonweal*. George was too anti-Franco to go along with him and the other editors of the American Catholic Press at that time, who were on the Franco bandwagon to a man except for the archdiocesan *New World* of Chicago and *The Catholic Worker*. In March of 1938, of course, *Commonweal* changed hands and direction.

To some, George Shuster's greatest contribution through *Commonweal* was his enrichment of the American Catholic cultural scene by introducing to American readers a number of leading representatives of contemporary European Catholic thought. The publication of such authors as Karl Adam, Romano Guardini, Baron Von Huegel and the Jesuits of the *Nouvelle Revue Catholique* brought enlightening theological and sociological ideas to what was a decidedly arid terrain over here. It was a policy eagerly continued by the new editors with George's help. One has only to think of Jacques Maritain, Georges Bernanos and the liturgical pioneering of Father H. A. Reinhold among others.

Happily, George was also always willing to contribute to the pages of *Commonweal* down through the years. At the time of our Fortieth Anniversary in 1964 he took a leading part in a symposium among our past and present editors. He gave us a clear picture of the magazine's original objectives and the obstacles it encountered at the time. I don't know whether we have yet fully worked out what he recommended in the course of the discussions: to recognize "the distinction between the Church making up its mind for the Church and the Church making up its mind for the nation on what it wants done."

The number of important activities in which George Shuster was actively engaged over the years is overwhelming. It is not possible to cite them all. He was president of Hunter College for twenty years and assistant to the president of Notre Dame for a dozen more. He served as Land Commissioner for Bavaria, chairman of the Industrial Areas Foundation of Chicago, director of Notre Dame's Society for the Study of Man and as United States Representative on UNESCO. George was a leading light on the Fund for the Republic, the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace and the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

George Shuster's published books branched out into many fields. As early as 1922 he brought out *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature*. His *Like a Mighty Army* told of the rise of the Hitler movement as a cult that was sapping the strength of the various German Christian churches (1935). His *Education and Moral Wisdom* (1960) was one of the several studies George produced on educational subjects. In all, he was the author of more than twenty published books.

It was most fitting, I believe, that his Mass of the Resurrection at snowbound Notre Dame should have been offered on the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. As Father Hesburgh said in his eloquent funeral homily, George Shuster was a "great and gentle man." May he rest in peace.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

(*Edward S. Skillin, who joined the* Commonweal *staff in 1933, become Editor in 1938 and has been Publisher since 1967.*)

WASHINGTON REPORT

CLASHING SYMBOLS

Sure it's all been symbolic so far, but the symbols, on balance, have been good. That family stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the White House had a little something more to it than the widely noted effort to get, or keep, in touch with the people. What it was was a flouting of security of the highest order, that of the person of the new President. And the government's obsession with security, aided and abetted by people making money out of it, is what has brought us where we are: fiscally a garrison state. The ideal presidential security would have been inside the limousine, the limousine lined with steel plate, the presidential image projected onto two, or perhaps four, Advent screens on the roof, it being still a few years early for a mobile, roof-top hologram. By hoofing it, Carter shrugged all that off, implicitly gave it the horse laugh it has long deserved. That winter walk down the avenue may have started us all on the long march back to sanity in these matters.

That possibility was strengthened by a reference in the reassuringly lackluster speech: the new President looked forward to a world without any nuclear weapons in it at all and hoped to take a first step toward that state within the year. At that moment in the talk, the

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television director cut to a shot of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, steeped in gloom and incredulity. A world without nukes? Might as well say a world without air. The point is not that there honestly seems much hope to attain that state in Carter's lifetime or ours. Rather, this: we have always approached disarmament, arms limitation and détente—insofar as we can be said ever to have approached any of these things with a straight face—we have approached them with the assumption that there will indeed always be nukes and plenty of them. Working from that assumption, we have, with a perfectly straight face, adopted and apparently believed the Orwellian proposition that the only way to achieve disarmament is to increase armaments. The ordinary mind doesn't believe it hears that, when it is spoken, but that is precisely what the Joint Chiefs, their congressional agents and captive reporters have been saying for years and still do. It is just possible that if we start with Carter's new assumption that a no-nuke world is conceivable, we may get some disarmament that involves disarming rather than what we've been getting, disarmament by way of super-armament.

There were a couple of other minor symbolic notes on the grand occasion which seem to have escaped comment and shouldn't. The last number the band played just before the oath was administered was the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Whoever was responsible for it, the choice was brilliant, a reply, in kind, across the years, to Lincoln's inspired request at the celebration of Appomattox, "Let the band play 'Dixie.' " The words of the Hymn are, of course, theologically offensive to many Southerners and properly so; indeed, my own thoroughly Northern ears are made a little uneasy at the verses, with their militant and absolute self-righteouness, much prefer the untheologized original soldiers' ditty, "We will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," which so blithely ignores the fact that it is impossible to hang anyone to a sour apple tree if he is more than a foot and a half high. Still, the hymn was the more or less official Northern view of the enterprise considered as theology and it was gracious for the inauguration of the first Southern President since the Hymn led the Top 40 to be accompanied by those strains.

The other unremarked symbolic note on The Day was also a reply across the years, although fewer of them, to a rather less than Lincolnesque historical figure. When the departed monster, Nixon, was having his first, or was it his second? crisis, he handled the charges of mishandling funds by doing the best dog act that side of Bob Williams & Louie. Rightly fearing he was outclassed not only by Bob Williams but even by Louie, Nixon dolled the thing up with a ladies-ready-to-wear number: Pat, he told us, had never had a mink but was happy to wear a plain Republican cloth coat. There were interesting implications in the claim, among them the suspect qualities of women in mink, a class that surely included the consorts of many of the most princely supporters of the Ike-and-Dick team, but Nixon's attention focused narrowly on the truncated syllogism that since Pat had no fur coat, he, Dick, was clearly not a crook. Q.E.D. Anyway, after the ceremonies at the Capitol, we all watched the Fords gang agley for one more helicopter ride, one more Air Force One grand luxe voyage to the golfing match. Betty Ford was wearing mink. Jump cut back to Pennsylvania Avenue and the walkathon: Rosalyn Carter was wearing what I suppose, can only be called a Plains Democratic cloth coat, powder blue, trimly cut, very pretty. There is, of course, nothing remotely reprehensible about Mrs. Ford's furs: what the hell, her hubby's pension is over a hundred grand a year, if not she, who? But the juxtaposition of images wiped out one more Nixonian juggling of the truth, restored our traditional national perception of mink as something for Republican ladies, cloth quite good enough for Democratic women.

If the Joint Chiefs were disturbed at the Inaugural references to a world without nuclear weapons, they must have been rattled roundly by something that happened right there on Capitol Hill within the first week of the new administration. When the House of Representatives organized itself, they lost Sikes. This was serious, like Roland losing Oliver or Quirt losing Flagg. And in the House! The Senate has been known from time to time to have a passing thought about the wisdom of the arms race so avidly conducted by the Joint Chiefs, but you could always count on the good old House to brace up, salute smartly and shovel out the megabucks. As chairman of the appropriations subcommittee on military construction, Robert L. F. Sikes wielded one of the heavier shovels and did so with gusto.

Believing as it does that one good turn deserves another, the Pentagon over the years has seen to it that Sikes himself, in person and as representative of his congressional district, did very well indeed in return for his good and faithful service on the shovel. His district received an assortment of military construction not really comparable to that granted the late Mendel Rivers for his, but quite substantial. Sikes himself had a private bank going on a military reservation. Last year the House reprimanded Sikes not so much for being on the take as for failing to report his interest in military-fiscal projects he was hustling through subcommittee, committee and Congress. It's O.K. if you take, but you're supposed to let the fellows know how much you took and where you found it: it serves as a general guide, no doubt, for colleagues wondering how much to venture. Anyway, that was that; Sikes went back home and got re-elected handily, turned up for the organization expecting to stay in business.

He didn't. The Democratic caucus turned him out in spite of the support he had from the Speaker, the Majority Leader and, of all people, the chairman of the

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House so-called Ethics Committee, John Flynt. They weren't the only ones rallying around Sikes, who, incidentally, with shaven pate and waxed moustache, actually looks like an actor got up to play a military man, not quite the von Stroheim role in "Grand Illusion," but easily the General in "The Waltz of the Toreadors." Defense contractors and Pentagonians were all over the House in the days before the vote and their principal argument was not about what a crackerjack committee commander Sikes was, but almost exclusively about what Sikes had done in the line of military installations for Members' districts. That probably accounted for the heavy vote against him, better than two to one. Sometimes, there just isn't any gratitude in the world.

After Sikes subsided, the Democrats of the full committee nominated his successor, Gunn McKay of Utah. It is not difficult at all to predict that the Pentagon will quite soon reveal that the Great Salt Lake is virtually undefended, wide open to Soviet seizure by way of the polar-Canadian route, needs a flotilla at least, perhaps a couple of shallow-draught carriers, with appropriate short-line support systems all the way round. What the Joint Chiefs may discover is that you can't count on corrupting a Mormon the way you obviously can some one whose very region is called a Panhandle.

FRANK GETLEIN

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RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL

REPRESSION IN ARGENTINA

I know that I shall never forget the anguish which I experienced on Sunday, November 14, 1976, in the City of Cordoba, Argentina. Around 10:00 p.m. on the previous evening, Josefa Martinez, a 25-year-old student of architecture, had visited the representatives of Amnesty International who were in Argentina to make a report on the number and condition of political prisoners. Early the next morning the mother of Josefa Martinez phoned to say that Josefa had never returned home. She had been arrested by the police or abducted by right-wing terrorists simply because she dared to speak to a group inquiring about Argentine citizens detained by the junta government without being charged with any crime.

Although I happened not to be present with the three-person group from Amnesty International when Ms. Martinez visited, her disappearance caused me anguish as if a member of my own family had met such a fate.

We immediately went to the top officials at the U.S. Embassy who protested to the highest official in charge of internal security in all of Argentina. The next day I went personally to the Papal Nuncio asking him to intervene on behalf of Josefa.

We had no hard information until December 15 that Josefa had in fact been released. For a month we experienced some share of that agony endured by Josefa's parents, her friends and her employers; all of us asked: Can there be any justification for a government engaging in such cruel practices?

The disappearance of Josefa was one among thousands since a three-man military junta seized power on March 24, 1976, following the ouster of Mrs. Peron after a presidency that brought about massive political corruption and an inflationary rate of 550 percent per year.

The regime of allegedly moderate General Jorge Videla apparently thinks that it can solidify its position by eliminating every potential political dissident by his disappearance, his imprisonment, or his death. But this reign of terror might conceivably be galvanizing the people of Argentina to fight for those rights carefully spelled out in their constitution, all of which have been suspended by the present government.

Dr. Emilio Mignone may be one of those whose indignation at the government can bring about a turn of events in Argentina. In May, 1976 four military men appeared at Dr. Mignone's home and kidnapped his 24-year-old daughter, Monica, a schoolteacher in a poor district. Dr. Mignone, former Deputy Commissioner of Education for Argentina and former Ambassador for Education at the OAS, has had access to the highest levels of government, but no one is able or willing to tell him anything about Monica. I saw Dr. Mignone three different times during my 12 days in Argentina and collected from him every relevant fact about Monica's disappearance. But she is still missing —one of a number of such persons who, since the new government took over on March 24, is estimated as between 4,000 and 14,000.

The government argues that it must suppress the violence in the streets and mobilize against what it regularly calls a "civil war." The more paranoid of the government officials theorize that the Marxists desire to make Argentina a stepping stone for the conquest of the southern cone of Latin America for Communism. For that reason, they have dissolved the Congress, suppressed the political parties, controlled the press and militarized the courts. These things have happened before in the 13 governments which have controlled Argentina in the last 20 years—but the sweep of the total

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repression which characterizes the Videla government has never been seen in Argentina before.

One well-informed citizen told me that in his opinion there is "not one courageous person in all of Argentina." The extensive findings of the Amnesty International team—to be published in a comprehensive report in March, 1977—tend to corroborate this statement. Journalists have backed down; the 108-year-old newspaper *La Prensa* prints what it is told to. All of the newspapers followed governmental directive and "bad-mouthed" Amnesty International while we were there. Students, who for generations in Latin America have fomented revolutions, now quietly spend their time in crowded universities surrounded by police and security guards. Some 30 attorneys out of 30,000 are in prison, but the bar associations content themselves with meaningless declarations that the government should observe procedural due process during the existence of the state of siege.

The inchoate militancy of Catholic leadership in Argentina may have reached a turning-point with the murder of three priests and two seminarians on July 4, 1976. By everyone's admission the government could discover if they wanted to the murderers of these five clerics. But the government may desire to leave the memory of these assassinations as a method of intimidation against the Church. On April 15, 1976, the 70 bishops of Argentina issued a pastoral which contained these bold words:

"Every day the papers bring us news of many other deaths about which nothing is ever known as to how or by whom they have occurred . . . what forces act with such impunity? . . . what rights are left to the average citizen?"

It is clear, however, that the government does not want a confrontation with the Church; they remember that in 1955 the Church ultimately won after it excommunicated Peron and took its case for religious freedom to the people.

The Church at the same time recognizes—as does almost everyone in Argentina—that an excessively vehement assault on the Videla government for not observing human rights could rather easily be exploited as an excuse by the right-wing generals to replace Videla with one of their own. But the bishops are not unmindful of the fact that some 18 or more Catholic priests are jailed. These men have been seized for teaching what the bishops recommended in 1970 when they recognized "the need . . . to seek a new and human, viable and effective way towards liberation. . . ."

Many in Argentina state that the Church, by speaking out, could improve many features of the dictatorship. But wise and brave Catholic leaders are not certain that a Church-State confrontation in the Chilean pattern would be productive in Argentina. Churchmen no less than statesmen become cautious when they see the terrorism of the left-wing extremists in operation. But Catholic spokesmen pleaded with me almost unanimously to increase pressures from North America to re-establish democratic process in Argentina.

The United States gives $47 million in military assistance to Argentina in this fiscal year. This aid must be cut off for the next fiscal year or even suspended during this year if it is established that Argentina is engaged in a "pattern of gross violations of internationally guaranteed rights." Congress has already terminated all military assistance to Chile and Uruguay. Is the situation in Argentina any better? Congress will hold hearings on that question, and the answer will be forthcoming in the spring or summer.

This year the International Development Bank made loans of about $140 million to Argentina. The United States taxpayer provides 35 percent of that sum, or about $50 million. The Congress could request that no additional loans be made or even that further payments on existing loans be suspended. In 1976 the World Bank loaned Argentina $115 million for an electrical transmission project. Twenty-five and three-tenths percent of this money or about $30 million dollars is from the United States. The World Bank grants loans on the basis of the worthiness of the project rather than the political character of the recipients. But the Congress could request the World Bank to declare Argentina ineligible for loans until it releases its thousands of political prisoners and otherwise observes basic human rights.

The shocking disrespect for human rights in Argentina is carried out in the name of containing Communism. The Catholic Church has had its share—perhaps a disproportionate share—of inculcating a fear of Communism, but the bishops of Argentina and Brazil recognize that the widespread suspension of constitutional rights, the use of torture and the unbearable cruelties inflicted on human beings by the disappearance of people like Josefa and Monica cannot be morally justified as methods necessary for the suppression of subversion. The bishops of Brazil on November 18, 1976 spoke convincingly and courageously of what is happening in the southern cone of Latin America. They noted that "regimes of force, claiming to fight Communism and carry out economic development, declare an anti-subversive war against all who do not agree with an authoritarian vision of society."

The bishops summed up the message of their 3600-word statement with these words: "Such anti-Communism is brutalizing its agents, creating fanaticism, violence and fear: it is sacrificing freedoms, suppressing individual guarantees and leading to state abuses, arbitrary imprisonment, torture and the loss of freedom of thought."

ROBERT F. DRINAN

(Father Robert F. Drinan, S.J., is a Member of Congress from the 4th District, Massachusetts.)

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THE APATHETIC VOTER

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Before the national election he was the object of speculation and alarm. On election day itself commentators and reporters, encouraged by long lines at the polls in large population centers, decided that he or she was a myth. But when the dust had cleared and the statistics were all in, the fact remained that President Carter was chosen by only *27 percent* of the *eligible* electorate. Nearly 70 million eligible Americans failed to go to the polls election day. There were three non-voters for every voter.

Alexander E. Barkan, director of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (in a recent *Newsweek* article) makes a persuasive case for registration law and regulation as a source, if not *the* source, of the problem. "It's been too hard for too many too long, and the labor movement believes it's high time to erase the pointless laws that limit voter participation. . . . Our people *will* vote if it's made easier for them."

He points to the record in Wisconsin and Minnesota this year. Under new state laws it is not necessary for voters to register before going to the polls. They need only prove their eligibility upon arriving at the voting place—in Wisconsin it is only necessary for a voter to "walk in on Election Day, provide a driver's license or other proof of age and residence and go into the booth and pull the levers."

He ascribes the rather minimal effect of registration-by-mail laws in large part to the failure of political parties, other interest groups, and election officials to stimulate its use adequately. "The labor movement was the only organization fully promoting use of this new tool, and we registered some 6 million of our members for an over-all AFL-CIO member-registration rate of 80 percent, 10 points higher than the electorate at large."

The labor movement is pressing for a universal voter-registration law. "We look at Canada and other nations where the government says to the citizen, 'Don't worry about registration, we'll handle that—all you have to do is show up at the polls and vote Election Day.' We think this is exactly how it should, and would, work here."

I think there is no doubt that universal simplified voter registration would raise the number of voters, especially that of the number of committed union members, who are either quite highly motivated on their own, or respond to motivation from their leaders. There are other troubling aspects of the problem to be considered, however.

The emphasis on the apathetic voter before the election was not the result of the idle speculation of political writers looking for a new topic. It was triggered by the publication of a survey by Peter B. Hart Associates commissioned by the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, on whose board I serve, and the University of Denver. The study on non-voting and political alienation began in late 1975 with the observation of its directors, Curtis B. Gans and Maurice Rosenblatt, of "one simple political phenomenon—that *despite the liberalization* of voting and registration requirements during the past decade, a smaller percentage of eligible Americans were casting their ballots in each succeeding Presidential and Congressional election."

Among the board members troubled enough to share their concern are former CBS President Frank Stanton; former Governors John Love, Ned Breathitt, John Gilligan, Terry Sanford, Frank Sargent, and Philip Hoff; conservative historian Richard Whelan; liberal publisher Gilbert Harrison; sociologist Elise Boulding and others with like credentials.

The Hart survey not only documented the numbers of non-voters but it also identified significant groups of non-voters, and their reasons for not voting. The startling and disturbing fact uncovered was that the non-voter was not just *failing to vote*, but that he was *choosing not to vote*. Non-voting, (admittedly a poor word in this context) is, for many people, a way of making a statement. The survey showed that people did not participate in the political process for "attitudinal" rather than "structural" reasons. They stayed away because "they had lost faith in the political leaders of today and the present programs of government."

A second startling and disturbing fact was that as many as 15 million Americans who have formerly been regular participants in the political process have ceased participating.

Apathy is too weak a word for the attitude of these former voters. "Doubt, disgust and anger cannot be dismissed as 'ennui'," read the committee's post-election report. "The election process as we know it historically is obviously no longer relevant to millions of citizens. The voting habit is perhaps the tip of the iceberg in a story of institutional decline. The weakening of political parties, the fragmentation of social groups and families, the quiescence on the campus, the possible narcotizing effect of saturation media, the growing disparity between the 'we' of the citizenry and the 'they' of the government are all part of a long list of social changes that have altered accepted voting behavior."

(Continued on page 127)

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ANGLICAN/R. C. AGREEMENT?

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

A vision of church unity starting from below

With the publication of *Authority in the Church* in January, the Anglican/Roman Catholic International Commission (ARCIC) has completed its agenda. After agreements, variously described as "full" and "substantial," had been reached on the Eucharist and on Ministry, it was recognized that Authority would prove the hardest nut to crack. Pessimists declared it impossible. After all, Pope Paul himself had lamented that "We ourselves and our office are for some an obstacle to ecumenical union." The latest document attempts not so much to remove or circumvent the pontifical obstacle, but rather to show that it is possible to envisage it in a new way: "The consensus . . ., while it does not wholly resolve all the problems associated with papal primacy, provides us with a solid basis for confronting them" (24).

As far as the papacy goes, the central affirmation of the document is contained in the following passage:

> The only see which makes any claim to universal primacy and which has exercised and still exercises such *episcope* is the see of Rome, the city where Peter and Paul died.
>
> It seems appropriate that in any future union a universal primacy such as has been described should be held by that see (23).

The first phrase is a neutral historical observation: there are no other candidates for the job. The second is a recommendation, and a rather more urgent one than the understated language might suggest. The Commission concludes that its statement "not only justifies but requires action to bring about closer sharing between our communities in life, worship and mission" (26). At the press conference at Lambeth Palace, the Anglican Co-chairman, Bishop H.R. McAdoo, quoted Karl Rahner: "The initiative is passing from the theologians to those who hold office in the Church." If the Malta Report in 1968 which set the Commission on its way spoke of "unity by stages," an important new stage has been reached.

However, before all the Canterbury caps and the Roman birettas can be thrown high in the air, and before inter-communion moves from the underground shadows into the light of official day, it is essential to grasp the method and limitations of the document. Otherwise there will be misunderstanding and howls of betrayal. It is a rule in all such enterprises that the members of the Commission undergo an intensive process of mutual education which is not generally available. Borne along by the momentum of the Spirit as well as the ordinary workings of group dynamics, they move more swiftly and dazzlingly to their conclusions than those not so involved. What were they trying to do? "We have endeavored," they say, "to get behind the opposed and entrenched position of past controversies. We have tried to reassess what are the real issues to be resolved" (25).

The "real issues" are the nature and purpose of authority in the Church or the *koinonia*—the Commission's preferred term. Over-riding all is the authority of Christ, Lord of the Church. This authority can be shared—al-

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ways inadequately—and it is authenticated either by holiness of life, charismatic gifts or ordination for office. Office in the Church always takes the form of ministry or service. This service is "intrinsic to the Church's structure according to the mandate given by Christ and recognized by the community" (5). It is not, therefore, a merely human structure. Its fundamental purpose is to lead all those who live in the *koinonia* to be more sensitive to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and to declare the implications of the Gospel in different cultures and new situations. There should be no opposition between ministry and the community it exists to serve. The whole Church is a learning Church, a gathering of disciples.

Having got thus far, the Commission sketches out a vision of Church unity starting from below. Its members do not adopt the post-Vatican I method of making the papacy the apex of the ecclesial pyramid while the laity form the remote base-line. They prefer the approach indicated in Vatican II's Constitution *On the Church*. This works outwards from concrete local communities which *are* the Church for their own neighborhood. One begins here, but one cannot stop here, for a local Church cannot without danger remain closed to other churches. There is a dynamic drive towards communion with them: "A local Church cannot be truly faithful to Christ if it does not desire to foster universal communion, the embodiment of that unity for which Christ prayed" (13). The logic of the drive leads inevitably to some sort of primatial office which—surprise, surprise—has in fact been held by the see of Rome. Yoking together Vatican Councils I and II, the Commission feels able to say: "The teaching of these Councils shows that communion with the bishop of Rome does not imply submission to an authority that would stifle the distinctive features of the local churches" (12). They very understandably add, however, that there has always been something of a gap between theory and practice.

The Commission next considers: "Authority in matters of Faith." For some reason, which one can perhaps guess, its members eschew "Authority in matters of Morals." They discern two "modes" of dealing with controverted questions and exercising authority in the *koinonia*. There is the *conciliar* approach which is found in the earliest period of church history and which has been reflected in the Anglican preference for synodical government; and there is the *primatial* approach, embodied in the Bishop of Rome, which emerged gradually and "in most cases in response to appeals made to him, but sometimes on his own initiative" (17).

ARCIC is now armed with its key concepts. Conciliar and primatial authority are not exclusive of each other and are indeed complementary. Dean Henry Chadwick, of Christ Church, Oxford, put it this way: "A council needs a primate to make it work; and a primate needs synodical and conciliar help to rid him of national and theological narrowness; they need each other." In other words an isolated pope is no more use than a truncated or beheaded council. A further claim is being made here: it is that conciliar and primatial styles of authority respectively represent the contribution that Anglicans and Catholics can make to each other. These are the harmonies they contribute to the ecumenical symphony. In the past there has been a serious imbalance. What is proposed is a synthesis, a dialectical interplay, an enrichment of both Churches. In this way the Commission is convinced that it has reached a "consensus" on "auhority in the Church and, in particular, on the basic principles of primacy" (24). There can be no doubt that this is true, and the Commission's real achievement must be saluted.

Reservations

However, the "basic principles of primacy" as uncovered by ARCIC are certainly not—and are not meant to be—an account of the way the papal primacy is actually exercised. This is the gravest difficulty about a document which claims neither to say the last word nor to prescribe what the "authorities" of the respective Churches ought to do. More modestly, it invites us all to answer the question: Do you recognize here your faith as it is lived now? The polemical positions taken up at the Reformation have been left way behind. They are not normative. Polemics distorted not only the views of the other side (which could hardly be glimpsed through the haze of caricature) but also one's own position (since people were terrified of anything that "bordered on heresy").

Accepting these principles and reading the document with the sympathy its authors say is necessary to understand it, one can nevertheless express certain doubts and indicate the reefs ahead. I will confine myself to two. The first concerns the fate undergone by the traditional teaching on the "development of doctrine." Interpretations of primacy, says the document, stating the obvious, have varied: "The theological interpretation of this primacy and the administrative structures through which it has been exercised have varied considerably throughout the centuries" (12). But what does "varied" mean? Few are worried about the administrative structures: on any account they are accidental, and the Roman Curia is not foreshadowed, as the late Cardinal Daniélou once attempted to prove, in the Acts of the Apostles. No problem either with the "variations" of theological interpretation to which the Church is not bound. But the crucial point is that *dogmatic* interpretations—and not merely theological ones—have been attached to these variations which have been described as a "development." Whatever else it may mean, "development" implies not only legitimacy but some sort of "progress." To show this was the whole aim of New-

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man's theory of development. But the perspective of the document, necessarily so in view of its aim, is to suggest that some developments were erroneous or mistaken, and so can be abandoned without any sense of loss. The answer to this problem may simply be that the Catholic theory of the development of doctrine, as traditionally presented in the last hundred years, was itself an over-ambitious attempt to square too many circles. That is, as I grasp it, the Anglican position. It might have been better to say so.

The second problem concerns infallibility. A footnote attempts to remove the term from this discussion, but what is more germane is the way the document strives to find a replacement or equivalent term. Here is how primatial—or pontifical—statements are described:

> The recognition of his position by the faithful creates an expectation that he (the primate) will take an initiative in speaking for the Church. Primatial statements are only one way by which the Holy Spirit keeps the people of God faithful to the Gospel (20).

It would be difficult to devise a more understated account of what Roman pontiffs thought they were doing when they made pronouncements. But even more worrying is the substitution of the term "indefectibility" for infallibility:

> The teaching of the faith and the ordering of life in the Christian community require a daily exercise of this responsibility; but there is no guarantee that those who have an everyday responsibility will—any more than other members—invariably be free from errors of judgment, will never tolerate abuses, and will never distort the truth. Yet in Christian hope, we are confident that such failures cannot destroy the Church's ability to proclaim the Gospel and to show forth the Christian life; for we believe that Christ will not desert his Church and that the Holy Spirit will lead it into all truth. That is why the Church, in spite of its failures, can be described as indefectible (18).

It appears, then, that ARCIC has cheerfully endorsed Hans Küng's version of indefectibility of the Church, a version which has had its difficulties with Rome and may be said to have provoked *Mysterium Ecclesiae*. Whatever one may privately think of Küng's theories, it seems rather ill-advised at this stage to accept Küng's understanding of the Roman Catholic Church rather than a more mainstream understanding. Should dialogue be with the most advanced and most "prophetic" thinkers of the other Church?

These two difficulties seem graver than the four which are listed in the document itself as part of its unfinished business. The exegesis of Petrine texts in support of papal claims should not prove too serious an obstacle: the Catholic-Lutheran discussion on the same subject showed that there was much anachronism involved in trying to "read into" the New Testament concepts such as "magisterium" or "universal jurisdiction" which derive from a different period and a different set of questions.

No doubt the same can be said of the notion of the primacy being "of divine right." Here the Anglicans (one presumes) make a concession and enter a caveat: if "of divine right" means simply that the primacy is part of God's design for the universal *koinonia*, then they have no problem. But it can be taken in another sense:

> If it were further implied that as long as a Church is not in communion with the Bishop of Rome, it is regarded by the Roman Catholic Church as less than fully a Church, a difficulty would remain: for some this difficulty would be removed by simply restoring communion, but to others the implication would itself be an obstacle to entering into communion with Rome (24).

This frank statement cuts the ground from under one simple solution to Anglican/Roman Catholic difficulties: the recognition of the Anglican ministry and Eucharist by the RC Church. If such recognition implied that validity had not previously existed, it would be felt as injurious; but if it somehow were made to imply previous validity, it would be inconsistent with earlier statements on the question. It would be, as A.P. Herbert said of Big Ben striking thirteen, "a statement not only false in itself but likely to cast doubt on previous utterances from the same source."

As for the remaining Anglican difficulties—the Marian dogmas and the Pope's claim to "universal immediate jurisdiction"—there is nothing in them which could not be met by a self-denying ordinance on the part of the papacy. But in order to meet these objections, it would have to be a very different sort of papacy.

And this, ultimately, is the challenge of the document and its historic importance. It is not a matter of selling the past or betraying a heritage. The hope of ecumenism does not depend upon one concession being made in exchange for another, as in diplomatic negotiations. It lies rather in engaging the whole Christian community in a process of conversion which would involve the abandonment of institutional empire-building and submission to the Gospel and the Lord of the Church. This document does not actually bridge the gap between the two Churches, but it assembles all the materials for bridge-building. It can prepare but not force the future. It may well be that the remaining difficulties are as much psychological and cultural as theological. Dr. Coggan, Archbishop of Canterbury, is due to go to Rome in April this year, and he won't lack topics for conversation with Pope Paul. Raymond E. Brown was justified in saying, (in *Crises Facing the Church*, p. 83), that "the side which takes the first bold step will be recognizable as the most Christian."

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MORE ON 'WOMEN IN THE CHURCH'

Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editors: It is sad to see those who favor the ordaining of women in the Catholic Church approach it as a power struggle. That for many it has so become is nicely pin-pointed by Sister Lois Spear in her Dec. 17 article. If there is any one group we have had a surfeit of in the Church, it is the pursuers of power; and those most vigorous in the seeking have generally demonstrated they are the least qualified to be trusted with it.

Too many men have spent too many years for too many centuries obtaining and consolidating power within the clergy and over the laity. They finally built a Church easily recognized as an organization which all too often bullied its members with canon law, bound them with legalistic and pietistic restraints, and enjoined obedience with threats of eternal damnation. It was difficult to find Christ's presence in such a temple and many did not.

With Vatican II, the stream began to flow clear again. The concept of power as proper to ministry lost its strength and Christ's admonition that he who would be great must be servant to all was remembered. Ministry as a Spirit-given charisma for the service of the people of God and not for their domination has a new birth. If women see ministry only as power, they may well be squabbling over dry husks while the living substance has gone elsewhere.

If ordination is indeed a prerequisite to exercising the major ministries, and that is arguable, it is unlikely God intended half the human race to be ineligible to so minister to his community. When all the theological pin-dancing is finished, it takes more than an implication and historical practice to discern this exclusion as the will of God. Practically, the problem of how to finance a his and hers clergy may be much the more formidable obstacle to female ordination in the present structures.

The task ahead is too great to bicker over ordination. As old structures crumble, old pre-occupations no longer arouse interest, and old practices no longer meet the felt needs of the community, new approaches with the help of the Spirit must be found. Christ's one commandment to love God and our neighbor does not come easy. Freedom from old restraints is good but it is also frightening. It will take all the love, compassion, service and understanding we can give to one another to make it. Women are indispensable in fulfilling such a ministry, for men and women alike are called to it.

GERALD F. WHITE

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Thank you for the "Women in the Church" articles which continue *Commonweal*'s consciousness-raising service [Dec. 17]. Francine Cardman's "Woman, Ordination, and Tradition" is a clear, compact analysis of a long, complex history. Her command of the matter and carefully nuanced statements help the reader to understand the state of the question. We need this kind of preparation to avoid trauma like that suffered in post-Vatican II liturgical reform, if we are to welcome women priests.

The many ministries in which women are serving, their part on pastoral teams, their preparation for ordination in seminaries and schools of theology, the needs of the Church suggest that we will have women priests sooner than many think possible. The experience of the Episcopalians is at the least part of our subconscious now; the grace released in their long and often painful process reaches us too. The cooperation of men as fellow-Christians is seen by Episcopal women as the critical force which brought about the positive decision in the Convention.

In an article as closely packed as Doctor Cardman's there is small space for extra baggage. The distinction between Tradition and the traditional can be found in reading the first three Gospels and I Corinthians: the central Eucharistic formula used at the Consecration of the Mass is given in four different renderings.

Vatican Statement

On Jan. 27, after the appearance of *Commonweal*'s issue on "Women in the Church" and after the responses on these pages were written, the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued a 6000-word document reiterating opposition to the idea of women priests.

The document stated that because a priest "truly acts in the place of Christ" there should be a "natural resemblance" between Christ and his minister in keeping with the "sacramental sign" of Holy Orders.

It also rejected the admission of women to the priesthood on the grounds of the equality of rights of the human person, stating that it is wrong to consider the ministerial priesthood as a "human right." It said "the priesthood is not conferred for the honor or advantage of the recipient, but for the service of God and the Church. . . ."

The document has been the object of considerable protest.

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The practice of Eastern rite Catholics and Orthodox in a tradition that reaches back to New Testament times shows married Apostles ordained by Jesus and celibate John and Paul. Eastern rite candidates may marry before ordination if they are to be parish priests. If called to celibacy the Orthodox can take "monastic vows" without living in community. Our tolerance may increase if we doff cultural blinders. The Western Church's discipline of a celibate priesthood is an important tradition; not Tradition. As married women with long service in CCD and on pastoral teams are preparing for the priesthood to which they feel called—with the encouragement of husbands, priests with whom they have worked and a few bishops—it is time to pray for readiness to be enriched by their gifts.

Let us concelebrate indeed as Michael Novak suggests. Ms. Cardman's emphasis on the "uniqueness of Christ's priesthood" is important here. In my limited understanding, women with a priestly vocation want to be priests of and for but not as the Church, but sharing in the priesthood of the incarnate Word of God.

(SISTER) MARY O'CALLAGHAN, RSCJ
Christian Feminist

Westchester, Ill.

To the Editors: Lois Spear's observations [Dec. 17] concerning the need for a broad base of womanpower in the Church rather than concentration on priesthood for women were both perceptive and wise.

I wish, however, she had tackled the practical problem of women who don't want the power, women who would much rather retain the special treatment they get as women in a traditional role than, in its place, having a real part in leadership and decision-making.

I do think Spear is right about the real issue concerning women in the Church being one of power. Men will use every excuse they can—legal, religious, moral—to keep the power they have. But no matter how elegant the arguments or powerful the institutions behind them, in the end, I think, it is inevitable that women in our society, and the Church, will gain their rightful equal place.

They have to be willing to fight for it, however, and there are a lot of women who don't have heart for the battle, or even an interest in it. And there are many who don't want the battle won.

They pose a real obstacle to the kind of powerbase Spear envisions.

WAYNE BRASLER

Lansing, Mich.

To the Editors: By and large I approve of so many of Michael Novak's statements that I am somewhat reluctant to take issue with him on a sexist matter. But here goes. In his "Dual-Sex Eucharist" [Dec. 17], Mr. Novak proposes "the development of a new role within the Catholic Eucharist liturgy," to involve the "active participation of a . . . woman." Guess what kind of a woman Mr. Novak would like to see consecrated for the task! Not a gum-chewing twenty-year-old delinquent, or a movie sex goddess—no, he carefully specifies that the woman should be *mature*. What a relief to all of us.

I carefully scan his article to see whether he similarly hedges his male holder of the priestly office with stipulations. No, he does not. Is the implication that once we let down the bars and admit women into the liturgy the mysteries will be profaned by all sorts of over-eager and emotionally immature female candidates?

Doesn't he trust the Holy Spirit to exercise any discernment in promoting vocations in the female sex?

ANNE C. GARRISON
(a mature woman)

Flushing, N.Y.

To the Editors: It is heartening that a man has perceived and published an expanded vision of woman's role in the liturgy. It is heart-breaking that it should be so short-sighted, drawing on and reinforcing that false dichotomy that has kept us, women and men, out of touch with the potential fullness of our human nature.

How can Novak hold that furthering, that *glorifying* the inequality of men and women at the altar, will lead to peace and union among and indeed within ourselves? [Dec. 17] The Church is the Body of Christ, Christ is the Head of the Church. But we all —women and men—put on the image of Christ at our baptism, and we all —men and women—are members of Christ's Body, the Church. To foster an identification of woman as *altera Ecclesia* to complement the already mis-emphasized identification of the male priest as *alter Christus* will be to symbolize no new vision but old, sorry stereotypes of a church of pious females overseen by insecure males.

One plus one does not equal one. If we cannot each find at least the resources of wholeness within ourselves then we must abandon our vision of wholeness. No amount of outside additions can create an essential unity. I thank Michael Novak for applying himself to this serious question, but I ask him to think again.

MARY BETH LE FAVE
(Member—The Brooklyn Coalition of the Women's Ordination Conference)

Austin, Tex.

To the Editors: Michael Novak has managed to make the worst suggestion I have ever seen about the Eucharistic liturgy [Dec. 17]. He proposes that a new role of celebrant be created, one reserved for a woman and intended to represent the Church. This "would symbolically unite . . . Christ with his Church, the masculine with the feminine. It would provide a more realistic and symbolically accurate witness both to the meaning of God's revelation and to the union-in-duality of humankind."

Such a change would embody sexism in the liturgy in a *fundamental* way in which it is not now present. It could not fail to suggest that women are fundamentally incomplete human beings. The Church is, after all, nothing without Christ; so such a rite would reinforce the opinion that a woman is nothing without a man. As well, such a symbolical equation of maleness with

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masculinity, femaleness with femininity would be very harmful.

Even without the role-playing aspect, suppose Novak had suggested that since blacks and whites make up humanity, a black and a white celebrant should preside at each Eucharist. Such a suggestion would be deeply insulting to blacks. Black people do not need white people to be fully human. Similarly, women are fully human persons by themselves, as are men. Not that all of us do not need God and other human beings—but women do not need men *qua* males for anything but reproduction. Such an institutionalized drama of heterosexuality would also offend, and rightly so, all homosexuals.

The Mass, although it has its dramatic elements, is basically an *action*, not a play, an action at which a woman is no less fit to preside than is a man. Women should, of course, be ordained; sexist language should be eliminated.

Novak's article should be taken as just another illustration of a hard-learned lesson: beware of men who profess to be pro-woman—they are sometimes women's worst enemies.

ANNE PETICOLAS

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: In her article "Some Practical Observations," [Dec. 17] Sister Lois Spear recommends that women discard the rhetoric, get down to action, and profit from the experiences of past reformers. Prior to detailing her approach, Sister Spear attempts to tackle some of the hard questions.

The first question concerns motives. Sister Spear implies that a psychological study now underway of female aspirants to the Catholic priesthood will make a necessary contribution. A similar study, doubtlessly not in progress of males aspiring to priesthood, would make an equally compelling study.

By citing some alarming needs in society today, Sister Spear wonders whether the ordination of women has the same priority. Problems like wife abuse, which will plague us as long as wives are considered property, and respect for life, which in the case of abortion has been articulated by male celibates without the contribution of women, may have some connection to the denial of the right to ordain women.

Before ordination, the necessary consciousness-raising confrontation that will lead to enlightenment, healing and growth will not require a "time out" in the movement, as Sister Spear suggests, but will result inevitably. "Ripe Italian caucasians" will not surrender the powers within orders without a dramatic change in the consciousness of the Church.

Sister Spears fails to point out that the call for ordination developed out of women's growing involvement in the ministry. One well-respected spiritual director, whom I know, finds her ministry hampered by the fact that she hasn't the power to forgive sins.

"The secular in its own way, is as integral to the Christian life as the sacred," wisely contends Sister Spear. To promote full equality, in the words of John Courtney Murray S.J., demands "The sanctification of the secular activities of the world." Boycotts, strikes, pressure tactics, and massive assaults may shore up a power base but will not convert a single heart. Speaking the truth in love bears no resemblance to rhetoric yet has the power of leaven in bread.

JAMES M. HAYES

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: Some years ago a friend of mine told me that he had sat through a Mother's Day sermon in which the preacher had supported the ordination of women with every male chauvinist pig cliché in the book. With some dismay I recognized a similar reaction in myself as I read Mr. Novak's clearly well-intentioned article, "Dual-Sex Eucharist [December 17].

There are distinct dangers to our self-understanding, both as human beings and as the church, in the symbolization of Christ and the church as male and female, particularly in the form expressed in Mr. Novak's assumptions that "the most intimate symbol of the union between Christ and his Church is the imagery of husband and wife," that "there can be no doubt at all that a woman is the appropriate cultural and bodily symbol for the Church," and that "because God chose to become incarnate in the male, the most appropriate symbol for the people to whom Christ united himself is a woman." The tradition of the personification of the church as a woman to express the relationship between Christ and the church basically derives from Ephesians and implies its ecclesiology over against the Pauline images of Christ and his members. It also implies, inevitably, the subordination of the "Church figure" to the "Christ figure," and has always done so, to the best of my knowledge. To re-apply this imagery to the internal structure of the church rather than to its relation to Christ is to institutionalize the clericalism that Mr. Novak professes to reject. His suggestion that a man and a woman represent the communion of the Eucharist as *alter Christus* and *altera Ecclesia* creates as he says, "a second priesthood"—for the second sex. It is entirely logical that his weaker alternative would have a woman stand always at the altar with the priest in a serving role. Unfortunately, unless women also preside, this sign of service will convey not that the first shall be last and the last first, but that the second will continue to be second. On the pattern of Ephesians and its imagery, we have a dual-sex Eucharist now: what we need (if you will pardon the barbarism) is a uni-sex Eucharist, a celebration *not* determined by sex-roles.

The Christian is ordained at baptism, confirmation and orders to be *alter Christus*, or rather to be Christ, as one spirit with him. No one is ordained to be *altera ecclesia*, because there is no other: the church is we ourselves, Christ as his members, and the priest is ordained to speak on our behalf the thanksgiving, the sacramental word of Christ which unveils in the broken bread and the gathered community the body of Christ. The minister of Christ is not head of his body but its tongue, speaking at once for the members and for the spirit of Christ that is in them. One of the most depressing aspects of sexist ecclesiology is that it permits us to continue to speak of the church as

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"she" (like machines, ships and automobiles) instead of as "we." What is wrong with a mass celebrated by a single male celebrant with a single male attendant is not that there is no woman to represent the sexual aspects of communion (contra Mr. Novak); it is that there is no community—or barely a sufficient community—for there to *be* a communion.

All of this does not preclude the use of feminine imagery for the church, or of sexual imagery for the union between God and the lover of God. But no image is complete, and every theological use of imagery must take account of the limitations of that imagery. To apply the image of Christ and the church as husband and wife to the internal structure of the church tends to explain the community as basically institutional, to reinforce the subordinate status of women and to distort the meaning of the Eucharistic communion which is not between Christ and the church but between God and humanity in Christ. The Pauline image of Christ and his members avoids all of these. There is no scriptural evidence of any theological significance to the masculinity of Christ; can we not learn to say: "because God chose to become incarnate, the most appropriate bodily and cultural symbol for the humanity to whom the Word is united is the human person?" MARY ROSE D'ANGELO

MORE ON 'A DUAL-SEX EUCHARIST'

HARVEY COX

The proposal for a "dual-sex eucharist" made by Michael Novak in this journal a few weeks ago [Dec. 17] encourages me to report on the eucharistic practice in one congregation which has struggled with this issue over the past five years. Surprisingly the current practice looks very much like one of the models he advocates, but with other dimensions that, although they might appear to be too "experimental" to some Christians, correspond to other ideas in his article. In any case, I report them here in the hope that Christians now facing the challenge of adequate symbolism in the eucharist, especially *vis à vis* men and women, might profit from our experience.

Like many churches outside the Catholic tradition, Old Cambridge Baptist Church has been assigning an increasingly important role to the eucharist in worship over the past ten years. Holy Communion is now celebrated much more frequently than it used to be. It is observed every week during such special seasons as Advent and Lent, about twice a month the rest of the year, and occasionally at special parish events. In the Baptist tradition, women have always been accepted for ordination but the general male dominance of the culture at large has operated both to minimize the number of women ministers and to perpetuate male rule in most churches. As the women—and men—of Old Cambridge Baptist Church became increasingly aware of the theological wrongness and human injustice of the situation, three changes were instituted. Each one grew out of the congregation's recognition that the equality of women in both church and society requires the equal visibility and presence of both sexes at the highest symbolic moment of Christian worship, the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

1. The first change involved the careful rewriting of the prayers and other liturgical elements of the communion service to emphasize inclusive language. This has not been an easy task, as anyone who has tried to "dechauvinize" religious ritual knows. It was made possible, though not any easier, in our congregation since the prayers and formulas used in the liturgy can be recomposed by the congregation itself with no necessity for episcopal approval. By and large we have tried to use entirely inclusive language for "humankind" (not "mankind"); female metaphors and male symbols for the Creator God; male pronouns, of course, for Jesus; and mainly female designations for the Holy Spirit. This may sound tedious. In fact it has involved the entire congregation in a memorable theological discussion over almost every item in the creeds. It has also reintroduced into our worship—very explicitly at times—more attention to Mary the Mother, and has enlarged the religious sensitivity of both men and women members of the congregation. One woman visitor wept during the communion service a few weeks ago and told me afterwards that never, in a Protestant church, had she felt so close to the female side of the divine mystery.

I would suggest to those who wish to implement Novak's suggestion that the visible presence of a woman serving communion along with a man will make some of the words now ordinarily used seem odd and unacceptable. Other traditional words will of course take on newer and deeper meanings. The words "my body" and "blood" along with gestures of feeding, when spoken

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and done by women, assume for all sexes a richer range of associations and therefore of potentially religious significance.

2. In every celebration of communion, at Old Cambridge Baptist Church, a woman and a man preside over the celebration together. They share in the repeating of the prayers and formulas, handle the bread and wine together (usually with one breaking the bread and the other pouring out the wine); and cooperate in the distribution of the elements. In this church the entire congregation, which is small, files by the centrally placed communion table in two lines, one on either side of the table. Each person then receives a piece of the consecrated bread and dips it himself or herself into one of the two cups of wine standing on the table before eating it. (This mode of communing is actually very old in the Christian tradition and is technically called "tincture.")

What is interesting and theologically significant about this "dual-sex eucharist" (although of course we do not use this term) is that although the man and woman participate co-equally, the result is not an androgynization of the symbolism. Rather the differences in voice and manner and appearance of the celebrants convey a vision of mutuality. The fact that the man and woman who celebrate customarily feed each other the bread and wine after they have fed the congregation strengthens this sign. I can testify that my own religious imagination, or perhaps even "analogical imagination," to use Novak's phrase, has been so vastly enriched by receiving communion in this manner over the past years that I feel something is just plain wrong when I try to take communion in churches where it is still presided over entirely by men. The woman-and-man celebrant arrangement derives its symbolic power in part, ironically, from its very *lack* of explicitness. Since both male and female celebrants are in charge, the worshipper's imagination can be more selective and flexible. I personally find, for example, that I sometimes want to actually receive the bread from the man and sometimes from the woman, while at other times it does not seem to matter. Psychoanalysts would no doubt have their own explanations for this, but I prefer to see it as indication that the same variety of spiritual symbolizations of male and female we find in the Bible—and in other religious literature—is still there to be called upon in the modern psyche if we were only willing to do so.

3. As Old Cambridge Baptist Church moved into a eucharist celebrated by a man-and-woman it became increasingly evident that the laity-clergy barrier is also a symbolic obstacle to the full realization of God's presence in the communion. We discovered, in Novak's own words, that 'laymen are no more potent in the liturgy, or in the authoritative church, than are women. Clericalism will be no less clerical when it is a female as well as a male clericalism." From a dual-sex eucharist it seemed a logical step to a eucharistic practice in which lay as well as ordained people shared in leading the celebration of communion. At first some people felt that this cooperative role should be enacted only by ordained deacons or deaconesses. In the Baptist tradition, men and women have been set aside for this office, often for life, usually to lead the spiritual side of the churches' life. They have also assisted, in minor ways, in the distribution of communion. But the office had become trivialized, especially with the emergence of a more and more "professional" clergy among Baptists. Although restricting the leadership at communion to deacons seemed sensible to some, it seemed even more important to represent symbolically the Gospel insight that *all* Christ's people are priests to one another. Consequently in this congregation the reaction is that *any* member, young or old, ordained or unordained, can be empowered by the church to participate in leading the communion celebration and distributing the elements. This process is carefully supervised by a worship committee set aside by the deacons' council. How does it function in practice?

Again I can report that in my own spiritual development, and in that of many of the fellow-members with whom I have spoken, this symbolism has become almost as revelatory as the dual-sex leadership. When, for example, an older woman and a younger man are paired in the leadership, or people of different skin colors, the possibilities for symbolizing the "diversity of gifts" and the variety of persons through whom Christ comes to us are extraordinary. The eucharist begins to symbolize, as I think it should, that the bread and wine of Christ's presence enters into our lives through all sorts and conditions of men and women. Also, the actual experience of serving communion to someone else is, without being in any way cheapened, is made available in this way to a wider variety of people. Since, in our congregation, one's turn to lead comes only once or twice a year, this occasion becomes a deeply significant one for the leader. My own seventeen-year-old daughter, whose first opportunity to lead in this way came during Advent, told me that it was a moving and unforgettable experience. I can add that to accept the communion elements from my own child was an experience I shall not soon forget either.

Novak closes his article by saying that he envisages a time, "perhaps generations from now . . . when the Eucharist will commonly be celebrated by two central figures, equal in symbolic power although different in their relation to one another . . ." It is possible that our tiny congregation has already begun to foreshadow this practice, and that time may come in Catholic churches sooner than Novak expects. When it does, however, when the Holy Communion is commonly celebrated by a man and a woman, then the laity-clergy question, the whole vexed issue of what ordination means anyway, will no longer be subject to postponement and avoid-

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ance. Male dominance and clericalism feed on each other. As one begins to disappear in the central symbolic act of Christian worship, the other will inevitably be weakened too. Maybe then we will be able to see our way toward a redefinition of ordination not as the setting apart of a clerical caste but as the recognition and celebration of the immense variety of gifts with which Christ has blessed the People of promise. Let us indeed move on toward a "dual-sex liturgy" both for its own sake and because, when it becomes the common practice, a non-caste, declericalized liturgy is sure to follow soon.

FACES OF EVE

THE SCREEN

Shortly after the beginning of *Lumière*, film star Sara Dedier (Jeanne Moreau) winds up a day's work on the set of her current movie and goes home to bed. Then shortly before the end, Sara gets up again in the morning and returns once more to the set. It's as if the whole of *Lumière* has taken place overnight, while Sara slept, even though we know that in reality a year has passed between those two scenes just mentioned. Perhaps what makes the illusion of a single night's interim so strong is the fact that Sara almost never leaves that bed. There she receives calls and letters, makes and breaks dates, and rehearses her lines. When her friend Laura (Lucia Boze) comes to town, Sara visits by flopping down on the same bed with her to chat. When Sara wants to break off with a lover, Thomas (Francis Huster), she has him into the bedroom too. And when Sarah must finally be gotten up in that penultimate scene, it is to be told that the only man capable of a lasting relationship with her has shot himself. This news does indeed come like a rude awakening from the long night's sleep which has lasted almost the entire film.

No matter where she goes, she seems to remain, like one asleep, in bed. Attending an awards ceremony at a hotel, she ends up in bed with a new lover, Heinrich (Bruno Ganz), in his room. Even before she comes home to bed that first night, she is already in bed, doing a bedroom scene at the point where we pick up her story on the set of her new film. Moreover, the stories of most of the other characters in *Lumière*, which are cross-cut with Sara's own story, seem vaguely parallel to the life she lives in bed. As she and Laura lie on her bed chatting about their lives, another young star who is a friend, Julienne (Francine Racette), is also at home chatting about her life with a woman, a journalist doing an interview. Later, the night that Sara has Thomas up for a meal in her bedroom in order to let him down gently, Julienne is eating a meal in a bedroom as well, a hotel room where she has been lured by an American actor (Keith Carradine) whom she is now, like Sara, trying to evade. While Sara lies in bed one night rehearsing some lines, yet another friend, Caroline (Caroline Cartier), is actually in bed too having a "scene" of her own—an argument with her boyfriend about whether she can act.

In effect, then, coming to light between the time Sara goes to bed and the time she wakes up, all these other characters in the film are figures in a dream. As is suggested by the oblique, veiled parallels their lives seem to have with her own, they are all manifestations of herself, embodiments of her own desires and anxieties. This is why she is able to experience them, as one always does the people in a dream, without ever leaving her bed. Yet at the same time that *Lumière* is about a world of total illusion, a dream world, it is also a documentary. This is what gives it its density and singularity as a film. For it not only stars Jeanne Moreau, but is about her as well, and was written and directed by her. In the French film-making of the last twenty years, especially that of the New Wave in which Moreau rose to stardom, there is an acute awareness of the paradox by which all filmmaking is a documentary of a fantasy, a record and realization of someone's imaginings. This paradox hasn't been lost on Moreau, either, having participated in it so often. Like that old friend of Sara's that commits suicide, Grégoire (François Simon), a cancer researcher who discovers he too is now infected with cancer, Moreau's film studies the very sensibility with which she herself is afflicted.

Just as the people in Sara's life are all really Sara, so Sara herself is really Jeanne Moreau. By playing off documentary against fantasy in this way, Moreau makes of this journey into herself a labyrinth where she can keep a healthy distance from herself. At the very beginning of *Lumière*, even before that bedroom scene in Sara's film with which the plot of Moreau's film begins, there is a prologue in which Sara and the other women in her life are living communally at a country house. The subsequent story of Sara's sleep and awakening is then posed as a flashback that commences here, where Sara has been recovering from the breakdown Grégoire's suicide caused. Although this idyll may at first seem too sweet and idealized, it is in fact just the right induction to the film that follows. Its dreaminess is appropriate to the rest of *Lumière*, and at the same time it makes Sara's story into something other than a dream. The flashback it creates makes her story into a memory as well, a documentation of what actually happened rather than a mere dream of what might happen yet. By being both things at once, *Lumière* invests itself with a certain conflict and urgency. It gets us to accept Sara, and perhaps even Jeanne Moreau, on her now, complicated, self-regarding terms.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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NIGHTMARE RELIVED

SAUL MALOFF

Gloria Emerson's book on the Vietnam war and its repercussions* is so important that at the moment of exultation an even deeper dismay sets in with the old knowledge that nothing, not even a book so moving and absolutely compelling as this one, can win mind and cleft heart had created a much irrecoverably lost as simply *not there*: a hollow, a void, an echoless chasm, a vacuum, as if the sundered mind and cleft heart had created a dread black hole. How is it possible to speak of it without sounding sanctimonious, sefl-righteous, superior, morally finer than our compatriots who at the very end withdrew their support of the infinite war only when it had become apparent even to the willfully blind that "we" were drowning in a quagmire, that it was costing too much money and was beginning to hurt them personally; that the troubles at home—burning cities, an alienated generation—were exacting too terrible a price; that the generals, the men who knew how, were being restrained by the civilian bleeding hearts, the "men in Washington" who never had had the "will to win" in the first place, which is to say "we" had means to blow the North into the Tonkin Gulf any day of the week and get back for lunch with time to spare—and instead "cut and ran."

Overwhelmingly "we" supported, on the evidence of the polls, the consummate horror of the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, our little bauble to Thieu, the Embassy, the POW's and their lobby; the swaggering, murderous theatrics of Mayaguez; that sordid shell game, the cruel hoax of the nonexistent MIA's, a political figment, and the UN veto in their name, the final legacy of Ford-Kissinger to a grateful nation. *We*, in our moral grandeur, refuse to recognize *them*; resent their insistence because it is a reminder of what we have colluded to forget as if it never happened. The ruins are half-a-world away; the dead are buried; the casualties are safely out of sight; the bad movie that ran too long on prime time is over and done with. The day after the last chopper got out, along with "our" Vietnamese and the babies we had saved from certain bloodbath, we pulled down the shades, drew the blinds, turned out the light and switched channels, at a stroke extinguishing the old and creating a new reality. If a book could penetrate that fog of forgetfulness, *Winners and Losers* might do so where others—Frances Fitzgerald's *Fire in the Lake*, Jonathan Schell's *The Village of Ben Suc* and *The Military Half*, for that matter The Pentagon Papers—failed. Books confirm the already convinced; no one else reads.

Gloria Emerson is a casualty of the war and her book is in part an act of sympahtetic magic meant to exorcise its evil spirit. War-haunted, war-tormented, it is also a strange book, written at times as if in a kind of trance of memory, its organizing principle in stretches that of a dream, or nightmare. "What is your methodology," a famous professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology asked me when I said I was writing a book on what the war had done to Americans. He did not see the joke when I told him half the book would be a blank, to show there was no effect at all. Twenty-four states, I said, three years of interviews. He said it did not seem a precise or serious way to go about it. Most of the time I wandered about, talking to those who would talk to me." Those totemic academic terms, "precise" and "serious," perfectly describe the book we do not now urgently need. In fact, that book has been written, and will be written again, and again, as it must be. Let us hazard the guess that the famous unnamed professor is Noam Chomsky, who virtually alone performed an elegant, immensely valuable work of scholarship which hoisted the ideologues and technocrats of the war by their own petard and made of the rest of us his great debtors. Chomsky provided the essential case, beautifully, with formidable scholarly, polemical and intellectual power. Now we need a book that can move mountains and split the heavens, and that is the book Gloria Emerson has written. Profoundly serious, as imprecise as overwhelming feeling, it measures the distance between art and argument; and —by an action as seemingly random as wandering about talking to those who would talk to her, a large spiraling action—manages to catch the heart's truth.

Greenly innocent, she first went to Vietnam in 1956 during the early stages of our long commitment to catastrophe when American proconsuls called "advisors," inheritors of the ruins of the French Indochinese empire, were establishing our imperial "presence." She went not as a prophet of doom—there weren't many Cassandras around at the time and none had the smallest impact; she went as a young apprentice journalist with a taste for travel, adventure, exotic places, having earlier reported the Nigerian Civil War and Northern Ireland. From 1970 to 1972 she covered the war for the *New York Times*—covered

*WINNERS AND LOSERS: *Battles, Retreats, Gains, Losses and Ruins From a Long War, by Gloria Emerson. Random House, $10.95.*

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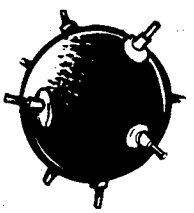
the war where it was being fought, rather than the military briefing room, where the press was daily brainwashed, and the cercle sportif and bars of Saigon hotels; by then she knew its nature exactly. Far from being, or pretending to be, "neutral," "objective" reportage, there is hardly a word in her long chronicle that doesn't seem ripped from her flesh; which is to say it is passionately "subjective," partisan, grieving, mourning—her own keening voice audible below and in virtually every line.

Voices—images, scenes, unforgettable ones; but mainly voices, talking into her taperecorder and notebook, allowed ample space for self-revelation; as if, afforded the space for wandering, digressing, stumbling, her subjects would sooner or later walk straight into their inner recesses, the darkness, of unarticulated feeling. The range of expression encompasses all the chords: rage, frustration, indignation righteous and plain, bewilderment, blank emptiness, the varieties of indifference, bitterness, pain, sorrow, remorse—the expressive range from a simple unawareness that anything remarkable had happened to vague consciousness, a kind of absentmindedness, without content, depth, resonance, to an intense, heightened consciousness amounting to obsession in that it occupied, took possession of, the total being and excluded other experience.

There are people here who could think and speak about nothing else, perform no significant action not related to the war—the feeling, in the anti-war movement but, I suppose, in a directly opposite way among its opponents, too—of being suffocated, poisoned, smothered by the war. The former engineer in Vietnam who, long returned to America, can't stop writing letters, endless letters, to Washington, to friends, to strangers, to the world. "It hurts all the time," he says. "All the time." The young woman, a passionate antiwar activist and formerly a student at a small tranquil Franciscan college, who returns to a 1967 memory, as to the turning-point in her life, of her priest-teacher, formerly a military chaplain, in a class on the New Testament. "We were talking about the Sermon on the Mount," she says, "and blessed are the peacemakers for they shall inherit the earth. Father Duffy told us 'If Christ were alive today, he would be a Marine carrying a rifle.'" Years later she regrets not having "spit on him." The young man who was to become her husband sat in the same classroom and had no recollection of the priest's remark. Nor did he resist induction in 1970; in fact he liked the Army. She told him she'd leave him if he went to Vietnam. If you add to this illustrative little drama the author's remark, you have a fairly



representative moment. Ms. Emerson remarks, as if she were the third person in the drama, or the narrator: "He thought she was worried that he would be killed. But it was more complicated than that: she did not want him to have any part in the death of those small-boned people with black hair who never seemed to grow fat."

A scene from the longest war. The soldier who stepped on a mine at a place called Bong Son and lost most of both his legs is home now, on his third pair of artificial legs. "No, I would never have discouraged him from enlisting," his mother, who was a WAC in World War II, says. "I never discouraged any of my children from enlisting. Just hope for the best." Teddy, the legless boy, allows that he feels "bitter about it, but not that bitter"; and adds: "I mean, after all, we did save a lot of lives over there and we did save the country." When he lost his legs, his mother says "very brightly, everyone in town was wonderful. The doctors had told his father "they don't know where they're going to stop cutting." Teddy and his mother are sitting around a table; with them are his sister and her baby. The sister was there because she had never before seen a reporter and enjoyed the novelty and excitement of being interviewed. "A lot of people were afraid," she says, when the news came. "They didn't know what to say. You'd be on the street and they would face you, they didn't break down or anything, but they were afraid to come into the house." Teddy is out of it, sits without moving, apparently without listening; doesn't "seem to always know what the others are saying." Only once does he come to life. The baby whimpers and "Teddy lifted his arms to take it, but the child was passed by him and quickly handed to someone else to cuddle and soothe." No one notices. People didn't realize the horrors of war, his mother says, "until Teddy was killed." Teddy is sitting there, his arms raised to receive the baby who passed by him; but no one seems to notice his mother's little mistake in degree.

Gloria Emerson was a war reporter; she reported the war from the "boonies" where it was fought. She was not a lady-reporter sent out to gather marginalia, "human interest" stories, though because she cared terribly about those who were most directly affected by the war, she noticed everything. She knows war, and weapons. A middle-aged civilian told her his son was safer in Vietnam than he would have been at home: "They talk about those fifty thousand boys that were killed there, but I bet half that number would have been killed if they'd been at home, killed in automobiles, cars, that sort of thing." Anyway, he didn't think "we were trying to win that war. We didn't send enough. They could have sent two million troops if they had to, if they'd wanted to win it. They could have done it. They could have sent five million. We didn't have the will, I don't guess, to fight like we should have. We could have wiped out fifteen thousand or twenty thousand at one lick. What they were getting were peanuts." The man has a point: who can doubt that, in the best of all possible worlds, if we had really unleashed the dogs of war we could have put out all the lights in Indochina

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forever and come home for Christmas? As it was we merely assembled a stupendous machine of wild destruction while insisting on its delicate, discriminating precision. Ms. Emerson specifies the peanuts: ". . . the gunships—AC-47, called Puff the Magic Dragon, the AH—1G known as Cobra, the AC-54, AC-119, AC-130—whose primary weapons were the 7.62-mm Gatling gun and the 20-mm Vulcan cannon, capable of firing 6,000 rounds of ammunition per minute from a single gun . . . the fighter bombers, the F-4s, the B-52s. . . . The sky was crowded: FACs and observation aircraft at 2,000 feet; attack and gunships at 5,000 feet, reconnaisance and electronic warfare aircraft at 10,000, and above them, the others," B-52s at 30,000. "There were electronic sensors designed to monitor ground movement; ANPQ radar meant to see through trees; infrared cameras intended to register heat emissions at night; giant computers intended to record enemy movement; flares and napalm, Guavas and radar-guided Bullpup missiles." And much, much more: a monument to science and technology. We had everything; only it could not prevail. "Americans were good soldiers but they fought the wrong war," the Provisional Revolutionary Government's chief delegate to the truce commission said in 1973. "They did not have the ideals our soldiers have." How was it, he was asked, they always seemed to know when and where the B-52s would strike? "It is our country," he said, "the trees and leaves are ours, we know everything."

Feeling, in violation of all the rules, runs powerfully throughout the book, unabashedly: love and hate, rage and pity, affection and contempt. In Saigon she tells a middle-aged, comfortable Vietnamese, "believed to have contacts on all sides," of children, imprisoned as NLF agents and tortured by Thieu's Special Police Branch. She had just come from their prison, a visit sanctioned by the Saigon officials so that she might file a story showing how the Viet Cong "exploited children." The man judiciously tells her

theology workshops at St. John's University for the summer of 1977

ANNOUNCEMENT:—

The Theology Department of St. John's University, N.Y. announces three workshops for the Summer of 1977, one in Moral Theology, one in Youth Ministry and one in Sacred Scripture.

Moral Theology—The Reading of Vatican II Documents from the Point of View of Moral Theology.

Lecturers: —Rev. Josef Fuchs, S.J.
Gregoriana University, Rome
—Rev. Enda McDonagh
Maynooth College, Dublin
—Rev. Richard J. McCormick, S.J.
Kennedy Foundation, Washington, D.C.
—Rev. Paul E. McKeever, Rev. Paul Surlis, and Dr. Mary Buckley
St. John's University, Jamaica, N.Y.
Dates: —June 27 - July 8
Place: —Cathedral College of the Immaculate Conception, Douglaston, N.Y.
Credits: —Three (optional)
Cost: —For credit-$100. per credit Non-credit—$175. per person
Food and lodging extra

Youth Ministry—Ministering to Contemporary Youth

Lecturers: —Dr. Michael Warren
St. John's University, Jamaica, N.Y.
—Rev. Don Kimball
Diocese of Santa Rosa, California
—Ms. Nancy Hennessey Cooney
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there is nothing anyone can do, to stop worrying. Perhaps some day the children would be proud of what they had endured. "I envy them," he says. "The man disgusted me," Emerson remarks.

So among many others did the "experts," the complicit universities handsomely funded to conduct such scholarly research projects as creating, training and arming police forces for the Saigon regime. In particular, her portrait of Wesley Fishel, who headed the Center for Vietnamese Studies at Southern Illinois University, a strutting, pompous little martinet bragging of his close friendship with Diem, and regarded on campus as a "symbol of the collusion between the universities and the war, the technology and the sicknesses in the American society." We know the Fishels of our academies; they were, and remain, pandemic. More chilling, more sinister, because less obviously so, is Cyrus Sulzberger's son, David, who left Harvard to serve not, heaven forfend, as a soldier but as "one of the bright young men working in the pacification program," motivated, he says by a "certain amount of competitive desire to blow my father's mind." Besides, what is youth for if not adventure, excitement, experience; it was for him "a situation which couldn't be anything but interesting, which would open wide, new waves of spectra to look at. I wanted very much to get there." It was exhilarating, and he admits it freely, gladly, proudly. "You know," he says, "if people say to me 'Did you have a good time in Vietnam?' I'll answer 'Yes.'" Best of all was the food; ah, the food. When he's a hundred years old, he says, he'll tell his children that what he remembers best "is the countryside, how beautiful the women looked and the food." "Don't hold this against me" he asks.

Michael J. P. Gorman is a paraplegic in a V.A. hospital. On the bed next to his, his friend, a young psychiatrist, lay dying of encephalitis. The untrained ward-workers hounded Gorman mercilessly, were always on him, accusing him of malingering. Doc Melofski, the psychiatrist, "had a saying for me," Gorman tells Ms. Emerson. "Doc Melofski would say, 'Everybody knows how to be a paraplegic, don't they.'" One thing drove Gorman nuts. He didn't mind so much when young people asked him how he got that way—they were simply curious; they wanted to know. But sometimes when older people wanted to know his story "they didn't let it go, sometimes they began acting very chummy," which Gorman hated. Certain he would take her meaning, Emerson tells him "People will always be kind." He understood exactly.

BOOKS

THE 'WONDERFUL' WORLD OF SPORTS

MARK NAISON

Fans!
MICHAEL ROBERTS
New Republic Books, $8.95

The Joy of Sports
MICHAEL NOVAK
Basic Books, $10.95

Sports in America
JAMES MICHENER
Random House, $12.50

"Sports are an almost universal language, binding our diverse nation, especially its men, together. . . . Our sports need to be reformed. . . . But what they do so superbly needs our thanks, our watchfulness, our intellect, and our acerbic love." Michael Novak, *The Joy of Sports*

There was a time, not too long ago, when it was considered unusual for an intellectual or political activist to have an interest in competitive sports. In liberal and radical circles, sports symbolized everything crude and barbarous about American life, an aspect of national culture which would, they hoped, be replaced by more civilized pastimes —art, music, theater—as society "matured." During my years at Columbia College in the early 1960s, I found that my aspirations to be a scholar and my desire to play varsity sports were regarded by most people as incompatible objectives. At the end of my junior year, my favorite history professor very solemnly told me that I would have to quit the tennis team (of which I had just been elected captain) if I wanted to get into a good history graduate school. "It's time to show them you're serious," he said. Things were not much better in the civil rights movement circles in which I was involved. To my fellow activists, I was a pet jock, someone who brought the group a little prestige, but who was a bit misguided for doing something so conventional. In turn, the football players and wrestlers with whom I was friendly would ask, "Why is a guy like you hanging around with those people?" They had as much contempt for the civil rights workers as the latter had for them.

In the late 1960s the division between jocks and intellectuals on college campuses began to slowly break down. The symbols of the counter-culture—long hair, rock music and drugs—affected both groups simultaneously and the anti-war and civil rights movements reached far beyond their original base to include many athletes. Equally sig-

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nificantly, some athletes began applying the movement's critique of American society to sports, producing books which denounced racism, violence and corruption in college and professional athletics. Jack Scott, Harry Edwards, Dave Megysey, and Paul Hoch, along with sportswriters Robert Lipsyte and Leonard Schechter, emphasized the significance of sports in legitimizing some of the most oppressive features of American life. Their work outraged many coaches and athletic directors, but helped awaken a more self-reflective attitude among sportswriters and stimulated a new interest in sports in the intellectual community. By the early 1970s sports had become an attractive field of investigation for historians, sociologists and psychologists, and an important topic of discussion in liberal and leftwing journals and magazines.

The importance of sport as a focus of social criticism and a metaphor for the American experience is dramatized by the appearance of three new books: *Fans!* by Michael Roberts, *Sports in America* by James Michener, and *The Joy of Sports* by Michael Novak. Roberts's book, a product of the new sports journalism, is a collection of sardonic essays on the emotional excesses of sports fans and the exploitation of sport for commercial and political purposes. Roberts amassed some two hundred pages of anecdotes to document his point that "sport has been the source of more shameless propaganda . . . nonsense beliefs, and the instrument of more disreputable purposes than any institution but government or religion." The book is hilariously funny because Roberts maintains a deadpan tone and allows his characters to mock themselves with statements made in utter seriousness. "If HE would play for the Dolphins," Roberts quotes Miami tackle Norm Evans as saying, "I guarantee you Christ would be the roughest guy who ever played this game. . . . Jesus was a real man all right. If he were alive today, I would picture him as a six-foot, six-inch defensive tackle who would be hard to keep out of the backfield for an offensive lineman like myself. Anytime you were up against him, you would know you were in for a long afternoon." When you finish Roberts's book, you come away with the feeling that you just got out of a madhouse and breathe a sigh of relief. But Roberts doesn't accompany his vignettes with any specific suggestions for reform. Since he sees nothing of value in big-time sports, and has little real faith in the intelligence of those who follow them, he has little confidence that sports can ever be reformed and seems content to mock them while they become ever more absurd.

James Michener's book, in contrast, is motivated by a deep respect for the life-affirming potentialities of sport and for the good sense of the American public. Michener, by his own account, was deeply shaken by the new left critique of sports, and became convinced that major changes would have to be made in the organization of sport on a collegiate, professional and com-

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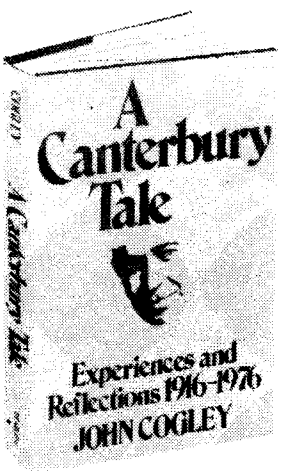

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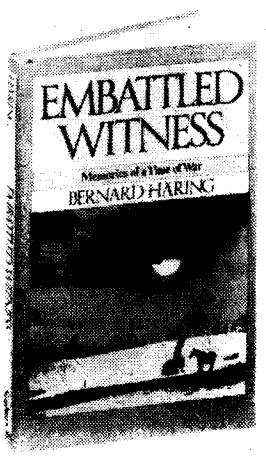

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munity level to eliminate the evils that were exposed. His book is a summary of much of the critical literature written on sport in the last ten years, including sections on the financing of college and professional sports, discrimination against women in the allocation of sports resources, the impact of various sports programs on the health of participants, the failure of little leagues and physical education programs, the role of sport in minority communities and the recruiting abuses of college athletic departments. It is an excellent sourcebook for anyone trying to get an overview of the major issues in American sport and a powerful brief in favor of federal legislation in this area. "Everybody would be much better off," Michener writes, "if Congress recognized that sports are a major American industry, faced up to its responsibilities, and passed sensible laws regulating them."

Michener also presents a powerful critique of the "spectator psychology" that dominates American sports and exposes the destructive impact of many sports programs on the collective health of the nation. Although he disagrees with new left critics who call for the abolition of big-time sports, he does feel that physical education programs should be revamped to emphasize lifetime sports and that the balance betweeen "winning" and physical fitness should be shifted in favor of the latter. "Our preoccupation with competitive games rather than health," Michener complains, "has produced American young people who are deficient in physical condition compared with students in other nations." Michener calls upon politicians and educators to construct more public athletic facilities, sponsor more sports programs for adults, and reorganize sports programs from the little leagues to the pros to minimize physical damage to those who participate. The underlying assumptions that guide Michener's arguments are not radical: he never questions the profit motive as a basis for allocating sports resources and setting priorities for their use. But he is sincerely distressed by the brutality, waste, and corruption he sees in the American sports industry, and, like the muckrakers of an earlier time, feels that exposure and reasoned argument will inspire the public to take action.

Michael Novak's book, in contrast, is both grimly realistic about power arrangements in the United States, and deeply suspicious of most efforts to reform American sport. To Novak, corruption and violence in sport are neither surprising or upsetting; rather, what he finds striking is how much pleasure and meaning people find in sport. With considerable eloquence, Novak describes how playing and watching sports provides tens of millions of people (mostly male) with transcendent experiences, feeding "deep human hungers" and placing them in touch with "dimly perceived features of human life within this cosmos." The spectator sports which America loves, he argues, serve a quasi-religious function, making a far stronger claim on the emotions of observers than most of the cultural forms which intellectuals have defined as "high art." "Sports are more . . . serious than the dramatic arts," Novak claims, "much closer to primal symbols, metaphors and acts, much more ancient and more frightening. Sports are mysteries of youth and aging, perfect action and deeds, fortunes and misfortune, shadow and contingency."

Novak's evocative descriptions of sports events, and of his own experiences in sport, have an almost hypnotic effect on the reader. While he fails to fully explore why most women are excluded from the sports world, both as participants and followers of the "religion," he does effectively convey what it means to many men. With a loving touch, Novak depicts the disciplinary artistry in games like baseball, football and basketball, their ability to inspire both individual self-expression and strong collective feeling. His book is a tremendously effective polemic against intellectuals who regard sports as an "opiate of the people," and view those who follow them as brutalized and degraded. Novak sensitizes us to the humanistic dimensions of sport, its ability to dramatize fundamental human dilemmas and to provide people with a sense of personal competence and an opportunity to be creative. People who are passionately involved in sport, Novak correctly insists, show as much care, sensitivity and subtlety in dealing with their sphere of concern as those who follow politics and the arts.

Unfortunately, Novak makes grossly exaggerated claims for the validity and universality of the experiences he describes. The sports culture which Novak exalts is an aggressively male world in which women are usually assigned the role of cheerleaders or prizes of the competition. To refer to it as our "chief civilizing agent," and "our most universal art form" is to legitimize the exclusion of women from the processes of value formation and aesthetic creativity, Novak also fails to consider how sports divides "our diverse nation" as well as binds it together. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, many American households are the scene of bitter conflicts over the division of leisure time, with men being drawn to the TV or the local bar, while women are left alone with the kids or are forced to join in activities in which they have little interest. It is hard to reconcile this scenario with Novak's claim that "Sports tutor us in the basic lived experiences of the humanist tradition."

Novak's insensitivity to some of the nuances of his subject is also displayed in his contemptuous treatment of critics of American sport. Because Novak views sport as a sphere in which existential dramas should be played out in pure form, he regards those who seek to politicize it as guilty of a kind of sacrilege. He is particularly resentful toward new left activists who have used sport as a vehicle to dramatize injustice and exploitation and of sportswriters who find economic and political relationships within the sports industry as interesting as the games themselves. Such people, he claims, are guilty of a "narrow politicizing of everything they touched" and "left greasy whatever their fingers rested upon."

This position has enormously conservative implications. To place an in-

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stitution "above" political criticism and activity is to insulate it from change. Had Novak's logic been applied retroactively, blacks would have never entered major professional and collegiate sports, women would have never gotten their still limited access to community and school facilities, and sportwriters would still live in fear of raising political issues on the sports page. Moreover, the financial chaos in sport today is so great—with franchises collapsing, star players being shifted from team to team, and colleges being forced to drastically cut their athletic programs—that it is impossible to pretend that everything is all right and return to the "pure" sports reporting of 20 years ago.

Novak also fails to examine the impact of the American approach to sports in the health of participants. One of the most devastating revelations of the new sports journalism has been the toll that big-time sports—football in particular—take on the bodies and psyches of those who play them. A Canadian physician estimated that the average professional football player can expect to live 58 years, 12 less than an average American male; another study estimated that 86 percent of high school football players suffered a serious injury each year; numerous books and articles have documented extensive drug use in professional sports; and several TV documentaries have been produced questioning the value of little league sports. Novak is aware of this information, but refuses to take it seriously. To him, the violence in sport is no worse than the violence many people experience in the workplaces, neighborhoods and homes, and is therefore hardly a cause for indignation. What people love in football, Novak declares:

> is what the soft part of the liberal world will not admit to consciousness, that human life, in Hegel's phrase, is a butcher's bench. . . . Football is an attempt to harness violence, to formalize it, to confine it within certain canonical limits and then to release it in order to wrest from it a measure of wit, beauty and redemption . . . in this vale of tears, in this world of struggle and strife, football is an almost revelatory liturgy.

Despite the undeniable power of this imagery, the argument that underlies it is not persuasive. Novak would have us accept violence and suffering as a given, something immune to human effort that can be only exorcised through ritual. But not all societies, or all sports, are equally violent. Among advanced industrial societies, the United States has a peculiarly high level of violent crime, a high incidence of industrial accidents, and a relatively short life expectancy (34th in the world for men!). Novak views the brutality of our games (as well as our industrial and communal life) as products of universal laws of human history rather than specific social circumstances and values. He is more interested in celebrating and defending what we have than seeking something better.

Many Americans disagree with him. Throughout this country, more and more people are seeking new ways of participating in sport that will lengthen, rather than shorten their lives and enable them to feel a greater sense of harmony with themselves and nature. They are jogging, hiking and swimming, learning sports like tennis which can be played into old age, and adjusting their diets to increase the possibility of long and healthy lives. While they continue to attend sports events and watch sports on television, their primary sense of satisfaction comes from their own activity, the physical creativity they *experience* rather than observe. Sadly, this approach to sport is most popular among the educated middle class, who have the time and energy to pursue it when they get home from work. But in a more equitable and humane society, it would be open to the secretary as well as the lawyer, the factory worker as well as the teacher, and the truck driver as well as the engineer. The joys of a lifetime of athletic activity are too precious to be confined to an elite. To make them available to all people is the major objective of sports activists and an important component of the socialist dream.

The Radical Imperative

JOHN C. BENNETT

Westminster, $4.50

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

The phrase "mainstream Protestant liberal" is seldom used today except as a put-down. That is unfortunate, for it refers to the tradition that has largely shaped the religious understanding of American culture, that has exercised persistent care and responsibility for this social experiment, that has resisted myriad temptations to despair, and that has, for the most part, sustained a moral discourse marked by a sense of fairness and style of civility. It is the tradition that has produced—and is today most singularly represented by —John C. Bennett.

This book, subtitled "From Theology to Social Ethics," is offered as a kind of summing up of a distinguished career spanning more than forty years. One sincerely hopes that, as a last testament, it is very premature. Anyone who

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can express "shock," "amazement," and "astonishment" at some new thing on almost every page hardly seems on the verge of retiring to tend his garden.

Bennett describes "four different periods" in which he has worked on social ethics, most of the time as teacher or president at Union Theological Seminary, New York. The first was the social gospel movement of highest liberal optimism, the second the realist response appropriate to the era stretching from Hitler-Stalin through the first phase of the cold war, the third beginning with the civil rights movement here and including "the Third World [rebellion] against the tired Western 'realism' that seemed to deny them a good future." The fourth poses new "global threats to humanity"—ecological, demographic, etc.—not previously imagined. The book is in large part a recounting of the ways in which Christian ethical thought has responded to the problems of each period, with special focus on ecumenical responses, notably by the World Council of Churches in which Bennett's contribution has been so very formative.

Bennett finds himself moving back to the stance struck in his first book of almost forty years ago, *Social Salvation*. His later confidence in the "mixed economy" of Western democracies has been "shaken" by a new awareness of global poverty and by the writings of Gustavo Gutierrez and others who tend to see advanced capitalism and the social systems associated with it as an almost unmixed curse. All this compels Bennett to "a return to economic ethics" that edges up to a kind of socialism that is only ambivalently Marxist. In some respects the book is a survey of crises, real or alleged, conventionally invoked in support of this current movement of opinion among intellectuals. The strength and the weakness of the book is that it fairly represents the Respectable Opinion in a very influential sector of religious and social thought. To many who call themselves radical *The Radical Imperative* will seem altogether too moderate, although nonetheless welcome as a half-way accommodation to their views. It is not Bennett's manner to challenge radically the going definitions of radicalism, nor to question the questions posed by enlightened opinion. One wishes for a more robust skepticism, and misses the exploration of troubling doubt about what pass for statements of fact.

Is it really true that the World Council of Churches is a "sounding board" for the poor of the world, or do its ideological prism and political entanglements get in the way of hearing the wretched of the earth? What are the implications for ethical reflection and for human solidarity if Bennett is right in saying, "I may have no right to an opinion as a man [about the liberation of women]"? (In one of the few sharp-edged criticisms, Bennett scores the black theology of James Cone for not preparing black people "to discover their own sins.") And an explanatory sentence or two is not enough to clear up the difficulties in a statement such as, "Decisions that lead toward such moral catastrophes as Auschwitz or Hiroshima are always wrong." Whatever the issue, Bennett seems excessively credulous toward all aspirants to victim status who would put us—presumably white, educated, middle-class Americans—"on the moral defensive." Our sins are no doubt many, but their remedy would seem to depend less upon inducing guilt feelings than upon a new sense of responsibility that marshals whatever may be our strengths for the tasks of justice we say we affirm.

Bennett's is not the Respectable Opinion in Zion, Illinois, or Cisco, Texas, where he might be viewed as dangerously subversive. Nor perhaps among some friends in Berkeley who think him much too straight. But to a representative cross-section of "church and society" people in the several denominations, *The Radical Imperative* might suggest itself as a standard text. For adult education groups it is an informed but relatively unalarming introduction to how some Christians are trying to think through their moral responsibilities in a rather alarming world. Bennett thinks cautiously upon alarmist premises. One might want him to be more adventuresome, less hospitable to received opinion, more prepared to suspend the constraints of civility and push arguments—his own and others—to their conclusion, but then he would not be John Bennett nor would he so admirably represent the mainstream liberal Protestantism whose partnership we need if the moral energies of America are to be gathered for the work ahead.

All Her Children

DAN WAKEFIELD

Doubleday, $6.95

ERIC LARSEN

Dan Wakefield has produced a book on a narrow slice of contemporary culture that might, with greatest accuracy, have been sub-titled *A Defense of the Soap Opera Against Its Various Critics and Maligners*. Primarily a history and behind-the-scenes guided tour of a single highly successful daytime television serial (*All My Children*, written and created by Agnes Nixon), the book is in reality a strangely quixotic attempt to redeem and defend soap opera in general as an important and perhaps even indispensable contemporary narrative form. Unfortunately, the book fails to be convincing. And it fails for the same reason that the majority of the "soaps" themselves fail: because they are born in the shallow nostalgia-chambers of the heart and take little or nothing from the brightening quickness of the mind.

Wakefield's main target is the snobbery and intellectualism that he sees as responsible for stigmatizing the soaps and relegating them to their fourth-rate status of cultural banality. Certainly here he has a potential claim. Intellectual snobbery more than once has attempted to ridicule out of existence those unpedigreed art forms that in the end have proven to be the real possessors of the energy, truth, and vitality of their age. For this offense, again and again, snobbery itself has been stigmatized. In *All Her Children*, though, the difficulty lies in the simple

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fact of Wakefield's inability in the end to summon convincing evidence that the intellectuals and snobs are not in fact, in this case, right. Wakefield does not vindicate soap opera; he describes it for what it is, and in the end one feels as one did at the beginning—that the status soap opera has earned is in fact the one it deserves.

The trouble does not lie in any absence of Wakefield's good intent: the book is candid, good-natured, earnest, lovingly detailed. The trouble lies in the author's looking too narrowly at his subject; he sees in his material what he wishes to see, and what he wishes to see is not necessarily what is there. Wakefield's reputation as a perceptive political journalist of the 1960s is apparently secure with his earlier books on civil rights and the Puerto Rican ghetto in New York (*Revolt in the South* and *Island in the City*). Here, though, with this strange turn from the heights of cultural politics to the emotional swamps of soap opera, one feels simply confused, maybe abandoned. Over and over, the reader is frustrated by *All Her Children*, by its failure to go *far* enough into things.

The essential premises are three: soap opera is true (it imitates life); soap opera is significant (it imitates important aspects of life); and soap opera is meaningful (it helps people). One attempts to give Wakefield the benefit of the doubt: one does not wish to be, after all, the intellectual snob who castigates the serials out of hand, offering the automatic response that he justifiably condemns. "Soap opera," he writes, "is one of the few media [sic] that critics don't have to watch in order to feel justified in despising." Perhaps so, and yet that is not really the point. The point is that in his own book Wakefield himself is unable to provide evidence and argument to support his own premises; often enough, unawares, he undercuts them.

His own qualification of the first premise shows the difficulty: "no one has ever denied that soap opera is at least an imitation of real life, if an exaggerated one. . . ." Exaggeration can be a virtue in satire or tragedy; in melodrama it becomes, and quickly indeed, a vice, and with this one innocent concession we find ourselves drifting rapidly from the premise that the imitation of life in soap opera is innately "true." As if this weren't potential for trouble enough, Wakefield ups the ante by comparing the soaps again and again not to the drama, their natural origin, but to narrative prose. He pins everything on the appeal of "story," not the appeal of drama, and moves himself into an aesthetic and argumentative *cul de sac* by repeated comparisons of daytime television serials with the great serial novels of Dickens, Dostoevsky, James, and Trollope. The result of placing them in such august company is that Wakefield finds himself praising the soaps no longer so much for their content or "truth" as for "the professional skill and imagination [of their creators] in turning out a continuous story five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year," while assertions of "truth" and "imitation of real life" are forgotten and left behind.

What's happened is that Wakefield has attempted to make a comparison, even if a comparison only of technique, that is untenable. No serial novel was ever intended, as part of its innate purpose, to go on *forever* (with the exception, perhaps, of *Tristram Shandy*), and no serial novel ever suffered the physical restrictions of acted dialogue performed in interior studios. Only the drama functions this way, not prose narrative. The truth is, in fact, that the banality of the soaps probably first originated in precisely this aesthetic confusion: they attempted to do in dramatic form what the extended serial narrative pointed toward in prose. Dramatic in form alone, but dependent on indefinitely extended *story* for their life, the soaps are, quite simply, not dramatic.

It is for this reason that soap opera, unlike genuine drama, is so notably susceptible to the fatal *malaise* that threatens any of the arts when they exist in their most weakened forms: namely, a degeneration into "message." It is not surprising that Wakefield's

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defense of his second premise, regarding the "significance" of soap opera, comes to little more than praise of this very characteristic (the genre as public service message), and, in the end, becomes praise not of truth but explicitly of nostalgia. With his usual innocent and earnest good cheer, he quotes Agnes Nixon defending the significance of *All My Children*: "We have done the story of a young college couple living together without benefit of clergy. We had the first legal abortion on television. We have dealt dramatically with the subject of male infertility. . . . A five-month campaign to inform women of the efficacy of the pap smear test in detecting uterine cancer in its early stages brought a bonanza of mail from appreciative women across the country. . . ." Wakefield seconds Nixon's thoughts, then makes the understandable and all-important jump from vacuity into nostalgia. "The people of Pine Valley are up-to-date, if not on the latest headlines, on the general customs and attitudes and concerns of contemporary life. Almost everyone has cocktails before dinner, and some imbibe a fine wine at one of the local gourmet restaurants. There are abortions and divorces, mental hospitals and shock treatment, drugs and betrayal, wars and unemployment, just like in our 'real' world."

That "real" is placed in those all-important apologetic quotation marks suggests exactly the direction in which Wakefield is moving psychologically and emotionally. If *this* is the real world, this pathetically uneducated public, this low-level informative emptiness, catch-phrases in place of meaning, then one may as well go elsewhere. And Wakefield goes elsewhere. He goes in fact to Pine Valley, the pastoral, cozy, small town setting of *All My Children*. When residents of Pine Valley disappear on trips, they go most often to quiet, decent Seattle, never to Los Angeles. This is because, Wakefield reasons, "Los Angeles, or at least its national image among people who don't live there, is a corrupt and sinful place bereft of the very values embodied in the history and spirit and, as Agnes says, the very 'soil' of Pine Valley." Los Angeles, in short, is too "real." The comment prepares us for the final escape from truth into nostalgia—into the true heart of the soaps. "But," Wakefield writes, in a metaphor almost as confused as his thought, "there is also the feeling that somehow behind all that [the "abortions and divorces" and so on], propping up and providing a floor for the people of Pine Valley, are these big solid pillars of tradition, and behind them, protected by them, a huge vat of Grandma *Kate's* vegetable soup that will ease all sorrows, cure all ills. And that is one of the deep appeals of the place."

The last premise, which follows logically here, is the most painful of the three, and inadvertently it is the most revealing of some of the deeply important truths of our national life. The premise is that the soaps are meaningful to people, help people, because they give them reality. Yet over and over the summoned evidence suggests, by and large, that the soaps are meaningful to people precisely because they give them the opposite. Again and again, without batting an eye, Wakefield refers to the huge and growing popular appeal of the soaps in the metaphors of secrecy, closet homosexuality, drug addiction, and once even in the metaphor of the "stranglehold." So strong, apparently, is the desire for vanished Pine Valley, for lost tradition, for the blasted myth of "Grandma *Kate's* vegetable soup that will ease all sorrows, cure all ills," that only the metaphor of heroin addiction can describe it. For these things are gone, if they ever were. The "breakup of the extended family, and the isolation that comes as a result of that," Wakefield writes (shattering at one blow a huge part, perhaps most, of his previous argument, that the soaps portray the truth of our lives), has a lot to do with the appeal of the soaps. "In the absence of 'real' homes and families, and often in big cities [with their] lack of 'neighbors' . . . the daytime television serial can provide at least a fictional substitute. In a mobile and constantly shifting society, often without roots or ties, a serial like 'All My Children' is something to hold on to, to depend on." Thus a college student says that "The show is one of the few constants in our lives." A viewer writes, and Wakefield quotes with profound approval, calling it a "pure testimonial": "I must say this show to me is like when one is hooked on drugs and can't give it up. Through this show I even turned down a better-paying job, for I was certain I could not have been able to watch 'All My Children.'" And another: "'Sometimes,' he says rather wistfully, 'I feel it must be an illness with me. I've got to have my fix every day. My injection of "All My Children."'"

When, over the years, the endless, self-engendering plot of *All My Children* grows too cumbrous, when "what inevitably becomes a growing cast of characters . . . and all their relationships" grows too complex for the writers to handle, then the story is deliberately "simplified." Old elements of the story, preferably those forgotten by the audience anyhow, are simply "lopped off." Wakefield tells an amusing anecdote about this happening once "by accident," when a child character named Bobby simply disappeared from the story as if by his own accord. A writer tells about it, explaining that "one night Bobby went upstairs to polish his skis—and he's never been heard from since. I guess the writers

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Graduate Courses in Theology, Summer Session: June, 1977-July, 1977: *The History of Israel*, Dr. Thomas Ranck; *The Reformation Debate*, Rev. Richard Smith, S.J.; the *Synoptic Gospels*, Rev. Brendan McGrath, O.S.B.; *Nineteenth-Century Roots of Contemporary Theology*, Dr. Jon Nilson; *The Christian God*, Rev. Charles Brannen, S.J. These courses may be taken in the M.A. program or as unclassified students. Additional courses are available through the Loyola Institute of Pastoral Studies. Three graduate credits each; $89 per credit. Contact Sr. Mary Peter McGinty, C.S.J., LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 6525 North Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois 60626; 312-274-3000.

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forgot, and he wasn't important in the plot anyway, and it was more complicated to explain his disappearance than to just forget it. It's a standing joke among the cast. Every once in a while someone will say, 'Hey, where's *Bobby*?' "

It's another striking metaphor, one that invites conjecture about fiction, illusion, and reality. Perhaps Bobby, secretly hungering for a richer brand of truth, or even just a breath of fresh air, jumped out the window of his room and went back to the real world.

American Picturebooks From Noah's Ark to the Beast Within

BARBARA BADER

Macmillan, $45

Early Children's Books and Their Illustration

The Pierpont Morgan Library in Association with David R. Godine, $45

GERALD WEALES

In the middle of a detailed and austere critical analysis of *The Poky Little Puppy,* "the most popular original story Golden Books every published," Barbara Bader pulls up short, momentarily startled to see herself using so big a stick to beat so small a book; "but we have looked at books about bunnies and Scotties and little bighorn sheep with perfectly appropriate seriousness," she says and with renewed assurance she plunges on, polishing off the puppy as a step toward a discussion of its illustrator, Gustaf Tenggren, as "a byword for popular hokum," and a consideration of the Golden Books as a marketing phenomenon in which title and cover picture, promising both vivacity and safety, were designed to pluck at a mother's sleeve as she moved through a ten-cent store or along a supermarket line. Having read a copy of *The Saggy Baggy Elephant* to pieces to please a demanding nephew, I may be less hard on the Golden Books "subgenre of animal hanky-panky" than Bader is (she relents to praise *The Big Brown Bear*); and to me the Golden Book cover come-on seems a standard trade-book technique, if in a new setting. I opened with *The Poky Little Puppy* not to differ with Bader on individual points—although one of the virtues of *American Picturebooks* is that its author has strong enough opinions to arouse quarrels and quibbles all along its almost six hundred pages of text—but to indicate that she has the most important qualification for a historian of children's books. A student of art history turned children's librarian turned reviewer for Kirkus, she is willing to discuss text and pictures with a seriousness which their subjects might seem to deny, at least to more solemn and trivial minds.

The task that Bader has set for herself, a study of the American picturebook from E. Boyd Smith to the fantasists of the 1970s, is an almost impossible one in organizational terms. A chronological study of sorts, the book traces the development of the picturebook "from Noah's Ark to the Beast Within," as the rest of the title says, from the exterior to the interior, from the presentational didactic to the participatory experiential, from "literal realism" to "a larger imaginative reality," as she says in her discussion of Charles G. Shaw's *It Looked Like Spilt Milk.* It is not an easy line to follow since every revolutionary breakthrough seems to have an antecedent before the preceding one, as in Maurice Sendak's conscious debt in *In the Night Kitchen* to Winsor McKay's *Little Nemo in Slumberland.* Even so jagged a line might be easy to follow if the referential jumps were as simple as the Sendak-McKay connection, but the movement is interrupted by the mechanics of the book. Bader gives chapters or extended sections to major figures, both artists and writers; to groups who seem to have something in common; to genres; to experimental publishers or imaginative editors with lists which reflect their own tastes and personalties. She is forced into mini-histories of ideas, educational and psychological, as she shows pedagogy—the growth of the nursery school, for instance affecting the picturebook; of art, as first modernist art, then modern design invades the children's book field; and of printing, as new techniques make color reproduction simpler and, in some cases, more simple than true. *American Picturebooks* is a rich book, then, and a valuable one, but not one that most people would want to read straight through, as I did, occasionally finding myself, like *The Easter Bunny That Overslept,* with the right equipment at the wrong time, having slipped back to the 1940s after an earlier chapter had carried me into the 1970s. The judicious reader, working from the index or the table of contents, will be immeasurably helped by the more than six hundred illustrations, although it is well to expect in advance that there will be a noticeable loss of values in the reproduction, particularly in the color pictures.

Although Bader can be sharply critical, even about the work of artists and writers she admires, the book is essentially celebratory and blessedly open. Apropos Lydia and Don Freeman's *Pet of the Met,* an unlikely idea for a children's picturebook, she says "there are no good or bad subjects, only good or bad treatments," a phrase that sounds like a platitude but in the world of children's books is, in her words, "unconventional wisdom." Underlying *American Picturebooks* is a distrust of what I think of as the children's-book *mafia,* that combination of librarians and educationists who, with their pub-

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lishing allies, set the standards, make the lists, rule the roosts and banish the ill-fitting eccentrics to the limbo of poor sales ("the books that got on the lists persisted, those that didn't faded away"). Occasionally Bader's distaste for ruling convention surfaces, as when she reports that Anne Carroll Moore, longtime Godmother of the c's-b *m*, dismissed the first imaginative Scott list (1938) as "Truck," and Bader plainly admires Ursula Nordstrom's retort to Moore's question about her qualifications to be children's book editor at Harper's, since she was neither teacher nor librarian: "I was a child." Yet Bader recognizes that Moore and her associates, who were genuinely concerned for children, helped provide an educational context in which the American picturebook could grow. It was "not suppression but orientation" that dictated the hated "suitable" label, she indicates at one point, and elsewhere she suggests the potential limitation of each new development since "One orthodoxy is only succeeded by another." Inevitably, in so many pages of critical history, Bader herself gets a bit too definitionally dismissive, and I am not at all sure that I can tell her "rinky-dink rhyme" (negative) from her "lippety-lap rhyme" (positive). For the most part, however, her only unbending critical rule is that pictures and words work together and that both work for the assumed audience.

"There is no absolute connection between picturebooks and illustration as it is generally understood," Bader says, and the book regularly differentiates between the use of art as a part of the book as total design and the use of illustration to decorate a work. Since she quotes with apparent pleasure Robert Lawson's remark, "The question of whether, strictly speaking, A. B. Frost was a 'children's illustrator' must be decided by those more interested in strictly speaking," I will assume that Bader, not a strict speaker in Lawson's sense, will allow me to jettison her "absolute" and find a connection between the picturebooks she writes about and the works catalogued in *Early Children's Books and Their Illustration*. Although there are genuine picturebooks in *Early Children's Books*—ABCs, rebuses, the *Orbis Pictus*, which Bader mentions in her discussion of Antonio Frasconi's *See and Say*—the connection has less to do with illustration than with intention. A beautifully made book, *Early Children's Books* is essentially a heavily illustrated catalogue of the exhibition of children's books held at the Morgan Library in late 1975. As such, it is "not a history," as Charles Ryskamp, the director of the Morgan, says in his preface, although the reader will find, once he struggles through the non-chronological presentation, that it has a story to tell, implicitly in its catalogue and explicitly in J. H. Plumb's introductory essay (wily old professional that he is, Plumb constructs a unified and knowledgeable-sounding essay out of Gerald Gottlieb's descriptive catalogue). *Early Children's Books* is, then, a fragmented account of the development of children's literature of which the picturebook, in Bader's sense, is only a recent step.

At first, there was no such thing as a children's book, and the earliest examples among the Morgan holdings are bestiaries and collections of fables and tales which—like *Valentin et*

REVIEWERS

SAUL MALOFF is the author of *Happy Families* and *Heartland* (Scribner's).

MARK NAISON, who teaches Afro-American Studies at Fordham, was captain of the Columbia College tennis team and is currently active in Sports for the People.

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS, pastor of the Lutheran Church of St. John the Evangelist, Brooklyn, and an editor of *Worldview* Magazine, is the author of *In Defense of People* and *Time Toward Home: The American Experiment as Revelation* (Seabury).

ERIC LARSEN is a free-lance writer and teacher at City University of New York.

GERALD WEALES's children's books are, regrettably, out of print in this country, but *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* is available in a new edition in Italy as *Incantesimi in citta.*

FATHER GERARD S. SLOYAN is professor of religion at Temple University.

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Orson, Pilgrim's Progress and *Gulliver's Travels* in later years—were at first "adopted" by children and later, when a market for children's books became apparent, adapted for them. Tentatively, since the history of publishing is uncertain in its beginnngs, Gottlieb points to a first printed book for children apart from Latin grammars (a fifteenth-century courtesy book), a first illustrated textbook in the modern sense (Louis Couvay's Latin grammar of 1649). The books change as the concept of the child alters from that of miniature adults to be drilled into knowledge to—after John Locke—that of person in the making who can be seduced into learning. We see the expanding market for children's books, the growth of publishers devoted to children's literature, nineteenth-century illustration in its glory, the continuing conflict between the moralists and the story tellers. "But, as we know, fantasy and fable win out," writes Ryskamp, but, as we really know, that battle has never been won. It is one of the recurring subjects in Bader's book. At the moment the fantasists are in the ascendant with Bruno Bettelheim riding shotgun for them in the pages of *The New Yorker*, but—a portent?—Sendak, who took us gloriously to *Where the Wild Things Are* in 1963 is ponderously preaching at us in *Some Swell Pup*. What Gottlieb's catalogue makes clear is that the children's book has multiplied and changed form, style, intention as entrepreneurial greed joined hands with educational theory to reach children wherever they were or wherever experts and parents thought they were (or should be). *American Picturebooks* is a detailed extension of the general history of children's literature growing out of the happy discovery in the twentieth-century that the child was ready for the book long before she was ready to read it.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

IN BRIEF

LIGHT ON THE GOSPELS: A READER'S GUIDE, *by John L. McKenzie, Thomas More Press, $9.95.*

This simple book is of great worth. An eight-page introduction to the *genre* gospel and its four canonical expressions is followed by interspersed introductions to the individual gospels and four chapters on each of them. The commentary contained in the latter is done by biblical chapters and clusters of verses (pericopes). McKenzie's prose style is clean and his grasp of the ideas that matter masterful. Absorption in his recent published work on the Hebrew Bible (1968 and 1974) may account for an overall inattention to the enriching findings of current redaction and composition criticism. One result is that the treatment of a saying or incident by two or more evangelists will be handled in reasonably satisfactory fashion but within a particular evangelist's total framework less well or not at all. Despite a handicap that only the author's peers will be alerted to, he has written an introductory volume at a level of exposition where he has few peers.

GERARD S. SLOYAN

Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

The survey also picked up strange trends which do not augur well for democracy. Why, for example, do fewer Hispanic, Irish and French Cathlic citizens vote than their proportion of the general population? Why is it that the majority of non-voters watch television and read newspapers daily but could not name the President and their governor? Why are they conspicuous non-joiners? Why do they generally believe that they cannot trust the ordinary sources of information? And why do they long to put their trust in "a few courageous, tireless, devoted leaders"? Does that lust not speak of a people tired of the burden of citizenship, or reluctant to carry it?

Universal registration is one remedy but the national illness seems to require patient care, study and attention and the discovery of many more.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

that called for dismantling the state "security" apparatus, deregulating (and desubsidizing) the economy, and establishing a non-interventionist foreign policy. MacBride got about 172,000 votes, beating out Lester Maddox though not Eugene McCarthy, and the LP plans to field more candidates in 1978. Care to join? BILL BIRMINGHAM

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Essays

Benedictine Monachism and Contemporary Culture, three distinguished essays $1. American Cassinese Federation, Saint Mary's Abbey, Morristown, New Jersey 07960.

Institute

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401. June 19-24. Brown, Collins, MacKenzie, Mowry, Pritchard. Pre-registration necessary. Write: Director.

Reconstruction

To rehabilitate an area stricken by the flooding of the Santiago River in Ecuador, the government, the Red Cross and private agencies have in progress an effective reconstruction program. When houses are moved to higher, safer ground or built on government-specified sites, tin roofs are furnished to those who build their own homes. One-room schools and small chapels need to be constructed. Funds should be sent to: FR. PAUL EWERS, MISION COMBONIANA BORBON, CASILLA 65, ESMERALDAS, ECUADOR (Airmail 31¢).

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Celebrate Vietnamese New Year

February 28, the Vietnamese celebrate Tet, or New Year. Tet is a symbol of Spring, of birth, of a new beginning, a time for families to come together. This Tet will be more festive as thousands of families long separated by war are reunited. The healing process of reunification has begun.

The survivors of the My Lai massacre are also celebrating a new beginning. When peace came in 1975 they returned to their hamlets. They rebuilt their homes, a school, a store, and a community center. With your help they can have a hospital.

For 8 years My Lai has been a symbol of death. Now it is full of life. You can contribute to life with a donation to build the FRIENDSHIPMENT hospital at My Lai. $140,000 is needed for construction materials and medical equipment. The Vietnamese have drawn up the plans and will provide labor sand and tiles.

It is also time for the U.S. government to begin a new era a fruitful negotiations toward normalization of relations with Vietnam. Mr Carter has a unique opportunity to start the process of reconciliation, by offering aid to help rebuild Vietnam. The Americans who are building the My Lai hospital are helping to keep the door to negotiations open. He need only step in... Join us by making your contribution today.

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